

THE GRAMMARIAN



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1984





THE HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

presents

THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION

of

THE GRAMMARIAN

1984

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Foreword

Once again, the many hours of work by *The Grammarian* staff have paid off with yet another memorable edition of the Halifax Grammar School's year-book. We hope this year's copy provides you with an accurate cross-section of the year's events, and even some from the year before. Many thanks must go to *The Grammarian* staff and all those who have assisted in the production of this edition. Special mention must go to the editors, Brigid Roscoe and Katherine Bishop, for the fine job they have done.

*Roger Baskett
Neil McCulloch
Assistant Editors*





Sometimes a student will have the privilege of meeting a teacher of a unique, extra-ordinary character. Memories of this teacher will remain with the student forever. We have such a teacher at the Halifax Grammer School.

Year after year, this remarkable individual has dedicated himself to the school and to his students. He has put a great deal into providing his class with a trip to Louisbourg each year. Well, this fine man will be leaving us next year, thus, we respectfully dedicate this edition of *The Grammarian* to Mr. Ian Spencer for all his outstanding contributions to this school.

*Neil McCulloch
Roger Baskett
Assistant Editors*



Headmaster's Message

To The Graduates:

As we begin our second quarter century of existence, I feel that the Grammar School, much like its graduates, is coming of age. Both must face a future of unrest in Canada. Nobody likes belt-tightening but the days of instant luxury, gratification and satisfaction are now behind us. We have had an adolescence of carefreeness and now there is a future of dealing with reality. We shall need all our good work habits and all our self-confidence to see us through, but you the graduates have a head start. You are a select group chosen for your ability and the support your families feel you are worth. You have enjoyed perhaps the most dedicated teaching staff in the city and you yourselves have learned the meaning of work and the real rewards it affords. Life will not be easy, but for you the opportunities are greater. Make the most of them and good luck.

Peter Montgomery
Headmaster



Staff



Back Row: Mrs. Kemp, Mlle. Henderson, Mrs. Simms, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Mr. Logan

Middle Row: Mr. MacNeil, Mr. Montgomery, Mrs. Aterman, Dr. Chapman, Mrs. VonMaltzahn, Mr. Lankester

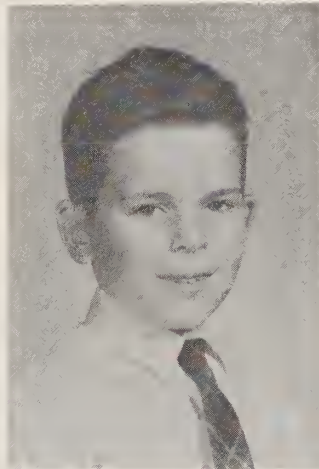
Front Row: Mr. Spencer, Joy Flamank, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Thompson, Mme. Smith, Mrs. Scobbie, Mrs. Murray

Absent: Mrs. DeGrasse, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Kierstead, Miss Silver, Mrs. Parker

Secretaries



“You’ve got the cutest little baby face”(?)





Identify the mystery faces!!!

Submit all guesses to either Brigid Roscoe or Katherine Bishop in Upper 6.
The first entry with 15 correct answers wins a copy of The Grammarian 1984.
Good luck!!!

Editors' Message

This year has been a trying one for the *Grammarian* staff. After leaving last year's publisher we found ourselves searching for a new one in September. However, as this publisher was unable to complete the book, we had to repeat our search in February. We also encountered various problems with photography, and for this reason we are missing a few club pictures, however, we hope that you will enjoy this year's *Grammarian* despite this minor problem. These were definite inhibitions to production, but with the determination of the *Grammarian* staff, we are sure we will pull through. *The Grammarian* would not have been possible without the hard work of Minga O'Brien, and the constant advice and encouragement of Dr. Chapman. We would like to wish Neil McCulloch and Roger Baskett the best of luck next year.

*Brigid Roscoe
Katherine Bishop
Co-Editors*



Grammarian Staff



Back Row: Roger Baskett, Faith Wallace, Tanja Swart, Minga O'Brien
 Middle Row: Rob Barbara, Linda Barker, Edward Rees, Jane Abbott
 Front Row: Sarah Burns, Brigid Roscoe, Katherine Bishop, Neil McCulloch, Cathy Hatt

Editors	Brigid Roscoe
	Katherine Bishop
Assistant Editors	Neil McCulloch
	Roger Baskett
Business Editor	Minga O'Brien
Assistant Business Editor	Edward Rees
Business Advisor	Jane Abbott
Literary Editor	Sarah Burns
Assistant Literary Editor	Linda Barker
Art Editor	Faith Wallace
Photographers	Cathy Hatt
	Rob Barbara
Pasters	Tanja Swart
	Nadine Bishop
	other staff members

Special thanks are extended to Mrs. Aterman for selecting literary prize winners, and, especially Dr. Chapman, our staff advisor. She provided us with support, much-appreciated advice, and also her son, Andrew, who willingly took last-minute pictures, and must also be thanked.

— GRADUATES —

Sabeena Ahmad

Andrew Allen

Eric Alseembach

Wayne Aspinall

Kirsten Beckett

Sheela Bhattacharyya

Nadine Bishop

Jane Fairhurst

Cathy Hatt

Lon Holland

Benno Lang

Nicholas Longhurst

Bruce MacGregor

Gary Ng

Finn O'Brien

Ben O'Halloran

William Poon

Patrick Roscoe

Huiyen Shiao

Robert Stairs

Jonas Steffan

Elmer Thirumurthi

Andrew Turner

Ken Wood

*"We look before and after, and pine for what is not."
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Ode to a Skylark*



Sabeena came to the Grammar School in grade seven and in these six years she has befriended many, revealing her smiling and sunny disposition to all. Always innovative, Sabeena likes to try her hand at many things. A stylish dresser, her bejewelled fingers and wrists are her trademarks. Her one fault is procrastination, but she gets everything done eventually! Certainly, academics are a prime concern of Sabeena's and if she is determined to succeed at anything, she will try very hard to do so.

Sabeena holds the record for the most late arrivals at school in the mornings. We know when she has arrived as the familiar sound of her fast-paced walk resounds throughout the hallway. Always eager to help anyone out, Sabeena is often found at the forefront of all the action. She enjoys working with young children and many of them will remember her for her make-up artistry on their faces during Winter Carnival. Indeed, she is a valuable friend, one who is dependable in her friends' time of need.

As of yet, Sabeena is not entirely sure as to what career she will pursue. She would like to attend Dalhousie University next year and decide from there as to what she will do. Best of luck to you Sabeena, in whatever you undertake.

Andrew Charles MacKenzie Allen

*"It hung in the air much the way a brick doesn't."
Douglas Adam
"Bombs Away"*

The Police

Joining us in Upper 1, Andrew quickly demonstrated his abilities, both academically and in getting along with his classmates, and has since then contributed in all respects to the identity of this class, which we are told, is not a typical batch of graduating students. Typical or not, our lunch-time antics, including food fights and chair architecture, are by no means activities unknown to Andrew. In addition, his scientific knowledge and common sense make him a valuable participant in science classes, or just lunch-hour theoretical discussion. In everything, Andrew sets a high standard for himself (yes, even the food fights), striving always for excellence. One should be able to find him racking up the 90's while studying science at Dalhousie next year. Whatever he decides to do, he will undoubtedly enjoy success.



Eric Patrick Alsebach

*"Diplomacy is to do, and say the nastiest thing in the nicest way."
Isaac Goldberg*

It is with an unassuming, quiet and gentle manner with which Eric confronts one. It is only while arguing, "which he does all the time", in extra-curricular activities, and French class that any violent streak is seen. Eric's ability to produce a high-speed babble in French class usually blows the teacher off her feet and obliges the students to hang onto their seats. Wagging his little finger in the teacher's face, Eric makes sure that they understand that his opinions are not to be disregarded or taken too lightly, for he is very opinionated.

One side of Eric is that when he is angry or nervous it is wise to keep a distance as he is liable to attack or mutter a string of unintelligible French curses. His friends have all learned to distinguish between his various moods, most of those thankfully being happy ones. His tendency to play the joker is usually witnessed in jokes and pranks he plays on others.

Indeed, very proud of his European nationality and heritage, his character tends to consist of opposite extremes, so that one often finds it difficult to understand everything about him. Conversely, Eric cannot always understand everything about his friends! Indeed, this soft-spoken Belgian has brought "vrai" European "je ne sais quoi" to the Grammar School.

However, in his normal moods, he is a great friend! We hope that Eric finds gratification in beginning his university year. Good luck Eric!



Wayne Merrill Aspinall

"Ready to shake the scheme of things."

David Bowie
(Word on a Wing)

Wayne entered the Grammar School in Grade seven, making quite an impression on the students and teachers. He holds two H.G.S. records; most notes sent home, and most notes torn up. Wayne's interests include his Honda 250, Yamaha 350, David Bowie music, watching M.A.S.H., and chasing Convent girls. Wayne is also interested in money; in Grade eleven he was the French Exchange Treasurer, and this year he was narrowly defeated for Student Council Treasurer. Wayne also, along with Patrick Roscoe, Bruce MacGregor and Mr. Keirstead endeavoured into quick rich schemes including 6-49 lottery tickets.

After this year, Wayne plans to go to Dalhousie and study Computer Science, after which he plans to become a police officer. His enterprising skills will undoubtedly bring him much success in the future.

Good luck, Wayne Aspinall.



Kirsten Marie Beckett

"To know is nothing at all, to imagine is everything."

Anatole France

Kirsten has been a member of our class for 10 years, coming to us in Grade 3. A genuinely good-natured girl, her interests range from boating and skiing, to reading, which is Kirsten's main interest. Her tastes in literature range from the latest science fiction to the earliest Egyptian myths, and she can usually be found in the library, pondering over her latest book. Kirsten plans to pursue a career in journalism next year at King's, and we all wish her the best of luck.



Sheela Marisa Bhattacharyya

"A good education is the next best thing to a pushy mother."

Peanuts
Charles Schulz

She signs her name Sheela B., not having enough time to write out her full last name while others just don't dare attempt to spell it! An outgoing person, Sheela has many friends, people she knows from each of the different schools she has attended. Everywhere she goes, she runs off a multitude of times to see someone she knows. She 'scoots' about town in a little red Honda, "commuting" from Dartmouth to Halifax every morning.

Sheela came to the Grammar School in grade twelve and has adjusted very well to the "swing of things". Her tall person is seen travelling up and down the halls, from library to classroom, as she studies for tests or does other homework. Always ready to help others, she is especially in demand before biology tests, as a flood of people ask for her help in their studies. Her involvement in this year's junior volleyball club was greatly appreciated and an experience we, (N.B. and S.A.), are sure she will not forget(?!). Sheela can hold her own against anyone in a class discussion, her conversational talents being of great value at such times! In these discussions, or in class presentations, she is never unprepared, having diligently done a great deal of research into whatever the subject area in question.

With such talents, we are sure that Sheela will do her best in whatever field of study she chooses. Best of luck!





Nadine Bishop

"For to define true madness / What is't but to be nothing else but mad."

*Shakespeare
Hamlet*

A glimpse of neon-colored stockings. A flash of an enigmatic smile. A toss of those dangly bizarre earrings and one is certain one is experiencing the marvel of . . . Nadine. The whole class agrees that Nadine is an indispensable member of our class; a little "madness" is generally appreciated by all, and Nadine's infectious giggle makes life at the trendiest spot in town slightly more bearable. Lest someone think that Nadine is all fun and games, it might be worthwhile to attempt to enumerate Nadine's more serious achievements. She has had her place firmly fixed on the honour roll for all her senior years at H.G.S., and was the innovative editor of *The Grammarian* in Grade 11. Basketball is one of Nadine's passions and nothing quite beats the sight of Nadine heading for a lay-up. As of September next year, Nadine will be found pursuing her interests in the Arts at Dalhousie. We wish you all the best and know you shall excell in all you undertake.

Jane Lois Fairhurst

"The door to happiness opens outward."

Soren Aady Kierkegaard

Jane Fairhurst has been at the school since Grade 1, making her one of the few graduating with that honour(?). Always on the move, Jane somehow finds time to sandwich an interest in the classics and the arts between skiing, swimming, and, of course, schoolwork. A good-natured girl, always ready with a smile, she has in previous years been a member of several volunteer groups, including avid support of the Y.M.C.A.. Next year she plans to attend Dalhousie University where she will pursue a career in nursing. All the best to a good friend.



Catherine Michelle Hatt

"The great end of life is not knowledge, but action."

Thomas Henry Huxley

Cathy came to us two years ago, and since then has become a valuable asset to our class. Her interests range from sailing, swimming and skiing to pursuing what she calls an "intellectual edge". A cheery soul, she is always willing to contribute her opinions in class, and when not doing her schoolwork, can be seen travelling throughout the city in her little blue car. She plans to spend this summer lifeguarding, after which she is off to Carleton to pursue a career in journalism. It is with much regret that we see her leave: Goodbye and good luck.



William Lonsdale Holland

*"I wish it, I command it. Let my will take the place of a reason."
Jurenal*

One might think H.G.S. would be tired of Lon. Not so. True, it sags slightly when he makes his bounding leaps through the halls, but in the seven and a half years he has attended the school, H.G.S. and her occupants have slowly come to appreciate Lon's eager approach. His gregarious manner and the fact that he is always ready to jump into something, has put Lon into the heart of the class. His nickname, *Kermit the Lover* (given to him by a sagacious Frenchman) makes one wonder, is it the structure of his face and the greenish tinge of his skin that has earned him this name? Or could it perhaps be his intimate knowledge of the French and their customs? Indeed it is Lon's goal to become more familiar with the French, their language, that is. He plans to continue his study in a provincial university, and we wish him the best of luck.



Benno Herbert Josef Lang

*"Give ear unto the sailor who unto you will show his case."
M. Parker*

A look into his big baby blues is enough to mesmerize any female, and his manner of speech is enough to make her think. His diction withstanding, Benno has his share of the admiring throng. Could it be the fact that he is a phenomenal jock (sailing, skiing, basketball and windsurfing to name a few), or is it simply his Austrian charm? Surely it couldn't be his unique dissecting methods in Bio. II. One can never be quite sure what it is that Benno has got, but it must be something, as he has made quite an impact on H.G.S. in a short three years.

One might get the impression that the majority of Benno's time is spent on . . . shall we say, extracurricular activities. Not so. Benno borders on becoming an academic keener as his marks will attest. He has the ability (not to mention the vocabulary) to turn a paragraph into three pages (to the dismay of the teachers). In short, Benno has been an innovative and valuable member of our class. He plans to go into medicine and the class has no doubt that he and his baby blues will to far.



Nicholas John Longhurst

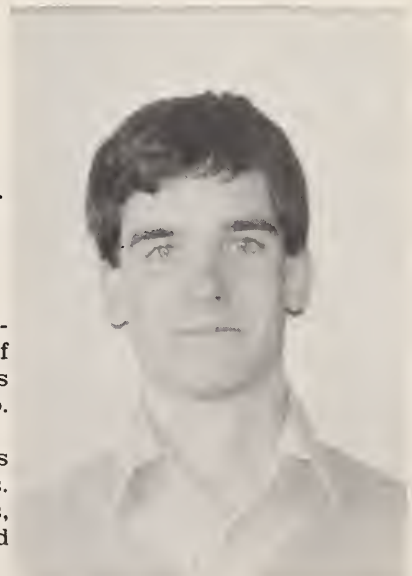
"The greater a philosopher a man is, the more difficult it is for him to answer the foolish questions of common people."

Henryk Sienkiewicz

Walking into the upper six classroom, a fellow is in the background meditating on some unknown subject. His mind is wandering. Your first reaction, off hand, is that he is a serious and timid student. However, as soon as your back is turned you hear Beethoven's fifth symphony being massacred on the piano. Turning, you see this fellow with gleaming eyes and a capricious smile.

As soon as you recover from this sudden change, the blackboard becomes animated with cartoon representations of Napoleon and his brave soldiers. Nick's hand at drawing is that of a mage crafting his art. Woven into all of this, is Nick's unusual sense of humour which is appreciated by his companions and friends.

Nicholas can also prove to be an excellent and sincere friend which is appreciated at all times. Best of luck wherever you may go.



Bruce William MacGregor

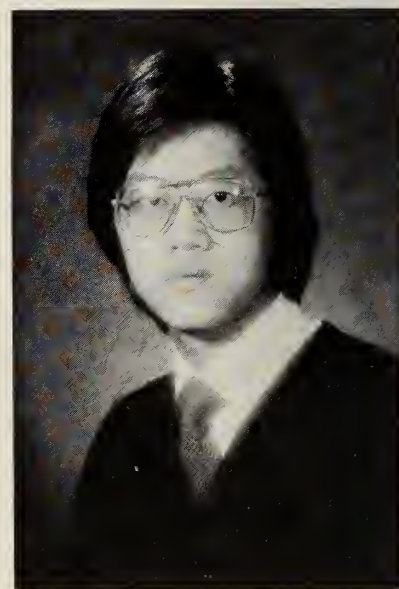
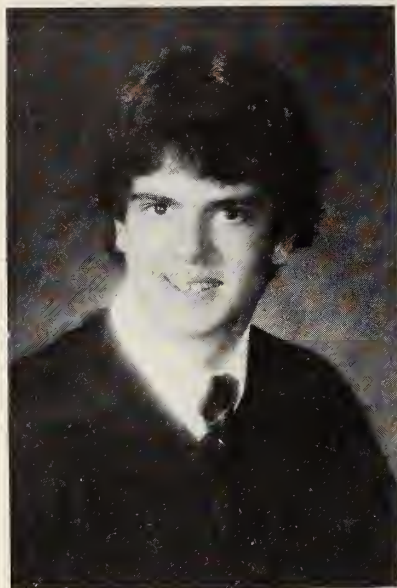
"Take a walk on the wildside."

Lou Reed

It is said that persistence has its rewards. This must be true in Bruce's case; after circulating through numerous schools, none of which would keep him, he finally settled down to spend his last two years of high school at H.G.S. Bruce is an accomplished athlete: he is a seasoned golf player, he skis downhill a little, is one of the best hockey players in his league, and has become, much to the chagrin of his friends, a very good squash player. Because of his interest in hockey he initiated the new floor hockey club (with a little help).

But we'll best remember Bruce as one never to keep his opinion to himself no matter what the subject may be: history, sports, politics, of whether such'n such band's music is worth being listened to by anyone higher on the evolutionary scale than a wombat.

Bruce spent last summer at the Collège de Trois Rivières taking french immersion classes (or so his parents think) and wishes to return to Montreal this summer. Bruce intends to apply for hockey scholarships in the States next year. Meanwhile, he wishes to attend Dalhousie or some other local university, aiming towards becoming a lawyer specializing in the law of the sea. He even made some mention of politics in his future . . . God help us. Well, good luck anyway, Bruce, and remember who your friends were.



Gary Tat-Hing Ng

"Knowledge has no limits."

Chinese proverb

Gary, since his arrival at H.G.S., has been improving his language skills constantly and excelling in mathematics. He enjoys sports, especially basketball, badminton, skating and table-tennis. Gary has a cheerful disposition and contributes greatly to our class. He will take sciences next year at university, where he is sure to do well. Best of luck.

Richard Matthew Finn O'Brien

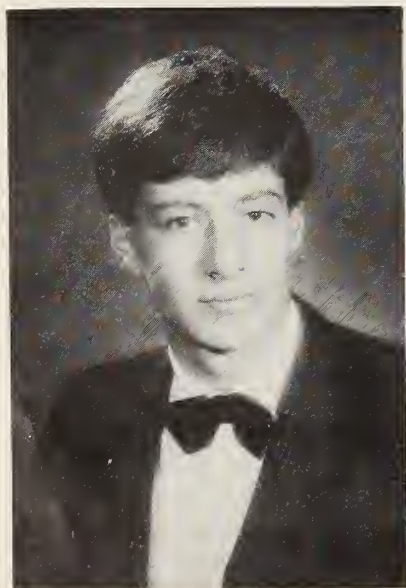
*"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain
Gives genius a better discerning."*

Oliver Goldsmith

Due to his lively and open manner Finn has earned many friends in the school since his arrival in Grade 10. He participates with passion in school events and is known to brighten up the duller days, even when the wash-ups become bothersome or the food scarce. On weekends, Finn likes pretending he is in a Porsche, he goes windsurfing, skiing, or, if feeling especially enthusiastic, goes woodcutting.

Academically Finn is interested in the Arts and Biology, which he will most likely go on to study in University. His great love of the Germans and their language will inevitably lead him to travel there, and possibly amongst places in Ireland.

We will all remember Finn and wish him the best of luck.



Benedict Patrick Derry O'Halloran

"Old clothes do not a tortured artist make."

Anon.

Ben has been a student at the Halifax Grammar School since Prep 2. During his years at H.G.S. he has established himself as a fine student and a good friend. His main interests are skiing (both downhill and cross country), running, skateboarding and music. Ben is also extremely busy at school. As Student Council President he has shown his leadership ability in organizing a highly successful Winter Carnival. His involvement at school does not stop there. Ben is a member of the Senior Soccer team, president of the running club, president of the debating club, and still manages to obtain a very high academic standard.

Ben has no definite plans for next year, however success will always be with him. Best of luck in the future.



William Tuck Kin Poon

"If man had a sense of proportion, he would give up."

William is a first class savant in every field from micro-electronics to badminton. He has brought the study of air-drums to a new height at the Grammar School and is sure to buy out Rush when his numerous business ventures finally reap the profit they deserve. William's graphic descriptions of the subtleties of the arts of sports and calculus can be heard anywhere in the school. William is a studious Grade 12 student whose serious competitive spirit has touched on all of his curriculum. He has contributed to the endeavours of Grade 12 leadership in the fields of badminton and table tennis. His business ventures have established him as an exponent of the Malaysian industrial front. The wide range of interests which he has pursued in the past have narrowed upon the field of Commerce.



David Patrick Roscoe

*"I'm home lost my job
and incurably ill.*

You think this is easy, realism?"

David Bowie

Definitely one of the more colourful members of the class, Patrick will not soon be forgotten by his classmates. He takes an interest in many subjects and surprises everyone by coming up with an interesting idea on the philosophy of Hegel to the impressionistic art of Manet and Monet. As such he has developed many of his own opinions in a variety of fields, is quick in their defence and stubborn in their upholding. Renowned for his quick wit, Patrick adds liveliness to daily classes, lunchtime relaxation and annual class Christmas plays. Indeed, many have heard his witty riposts during debate or in this year's model Parliament as the member from Purgatory. His favourite sayings are an emphatic "indeed" or "damn right", expressed in agreement with any anti-capitalist remark. He is the class' resident D.J., broadcasting "tasteful" music over the Dalhousie students' radio station.

Patrick's main interest is music. His piano playing resounds throughout the upper school at lunchtime, while the imaginary electric guitar comes into use during classes or while he listens to the radio. Dreams of being Ziggy Incarnate II occupy half of his attention, while the theatre and aspirations of being an actor occupy the other half. Certainly, half a page cannot testify to twelve H.G.S. years of Patrick's memorable antics. With his self-confidence, persuasiveness, openness and many talents, one can have every confidence that he will strive to fulfill his dreams and succeed. The Grinch wishes you luck.





Vivien Shiao Wai Kuen

*"Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises."
Samuel Butler*

Vivien is a real asset to our class. She comes to us from far-away Hong-Kong, but has had no problems adjusting to our lifestyle. An excellent student, she hopes to attend university here in North America. Vivien enjoys, as well, a number of pastimes including swimming, skating, badminton, stamp-collecting, and, as she says, "thinking". Good luck, Vivien, and keep smiling.

Robert Woodcliffe Stairs

"Quick to judge / Quick to anger / Slow to understand / Ignorance and prejudice / And fear / Walk hand in hand."

Neil Peart

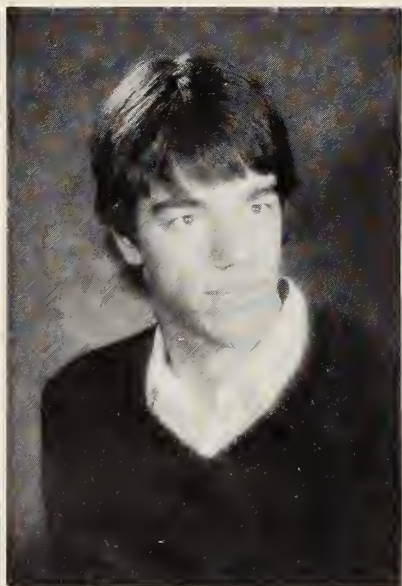
"It is well known, of course, that the father of your country could never tell a lie. We Canadians find it difficult to lie about the father of our country. To put it bluntly, he was a drunkard. And quite frankly, Sam, nobody in this chill and austere land really gives a damn."

*Pierre Berton, to his
American friend, "Sam".*

Robert has attended H.G.S. for eight years, during which he has strongly influenced both his class and the entire school. Despite his running commentaries in class and his "cheerful" attitude towards work, Rob studies vigorously and maintains a high academic average. His aptitude for mathematics and science will stand him in good stead when he takes Engineering at Dalhousie next year.

Rob's extra-curricular activities include waterskiing, sailing and percussion. His musical talents have brought him a position in a band and the admiration of his instructors.

Rob has an outgoing personality and makes friends easily; we are sure he has good years of university ahead of him.



Jonas Paul Steffan

*"The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it."
Oscar Wilde*

Jonas is by no means a newcomer at H.G.S.. His five years at the school have made him an irreplaceable member of a rather eccentric graduating class. Unlike certain loud-mouthed members of Upper 6, Jonas sits quietly in the classroom, calmly observing the world as it cruises by, and at the same time philosophizing about the 'deeper' things in life. Jonas's gentle manner, generosity and good-humoured nature have earned him respect and many friends amongst his classmates. He is a fine athlete whose agility in running is unequalled in speed and style. He is a keen windsurfer and downhill skier, a stamp collecting fanatic and also a genius in lego architecture.

Jonas plans to attend the Foundation Year Program at Kings College where he's bound to do well and perhaps begin a career in philosophy! Best of luck, Jone, we're gonna miss ya.

Elmer Ashok Thirumurthi

"He who doesn't lose his wits over certain things has no wits to lose."
Emilia Galotti

One easily recognizes Elmer through the greatest of crowds. First of all, Elmer has not yet attained the state of color-coordination. Secondly, he looks like a polar bear walking around with all his sweaters. Besides Elmer's eternal smile, he is known for his legendary disagreements with Patrick about "you name it", which usually result in driving the students of Upper 6 nuts.

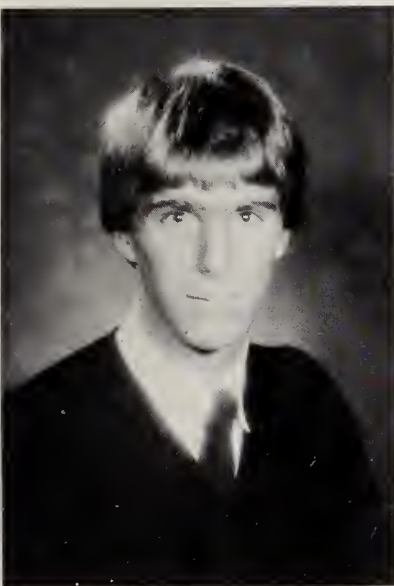
Walking by the Upper 6 classroom, you may hear a loud conversation or argument, in which Elmer's voice is always heard. Elmer's joy in expressing his viewpoints are always interesting and to the point. Besides that, Elmer's visible fanaticism of being a class jock makes him a humorous fellow. Elmer's greatest quality is his ability to find a fault in almost everything, and turn it into something comical. His friends and classmates would certainly agree that this is what makes Elmer a good and solid friend.

Best of luck in thy future.



Andrew Roy Harry Turner

"One moment now may give us more than years of toiling reason."
William Wordsworth



Andrew Turner came to H.G.S. in Grade 6. Since then he has contributed both to the character of his class and of the school in general. Andrew is highly capable academically, consistently earning a place on the honour roll at Graduation. Andrew is also an able sportsman, having been involved in school basketball and soccer teams, and is the present Captain of Royals. His leadership abilities are further demonstrated in his work as the Upper six class representative on Student Council. Andrew's realistic and straightforward approach to his studies stands out in the class, and his sense of humour has brought smiles to the faces of all his classmates, often at times when there seemed to be the least to smile about. Next year Andrew will begin a science degree at Dalhousie, aiming towards a career in medicine.

Kenneth Albert Wood

"'Repent, Harlequin,' said the Ticktockman."
Harlan Ellison

Since Ken came to the school in Grade 11 he has become blonder. His *joi de vivre* and fascinating driving habits have been a welcome (and sometimes necessary) addition to the class. Apart from being our resident Beau Brummel, Ken is a far more intellectual student than his Mickey Mouse apparel would suggest. He is an extremely adept computer programmer, an occasionally eloquent philosopher, a vehement defender of his ideas and a diligent party-goer. Ken's constant interest in literature, and, particularly the short story, have paid off well; in a provincial short story contest Ken received Honourable Mention. Ken is also no slouch as an actor. His particularly convincing portrayal of Henry Drummond in the school's production of *Inherit the Wind* will not soon be forgotten, and Ken is currently working in the capacity of playwright, co-writing a three-person drama with classmate, Pat Roscoe.

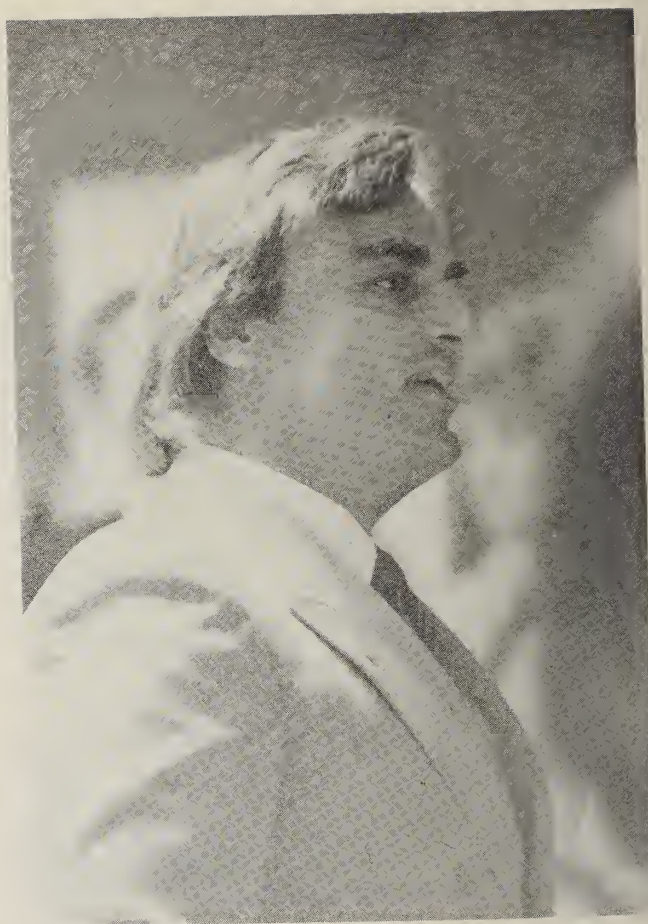
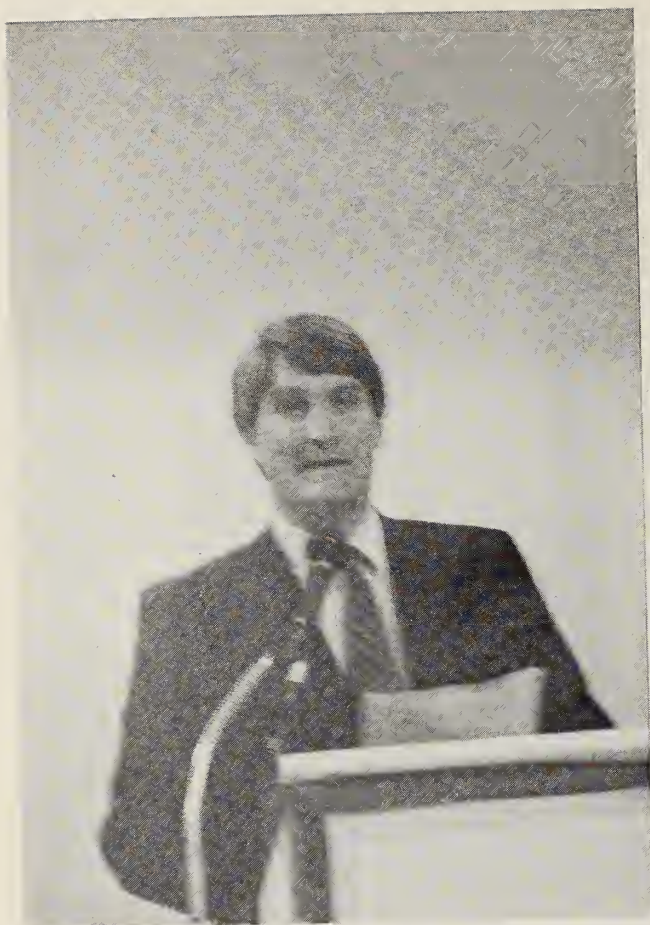
We have no doubt that Ken will be successful in any vocation he chooses, and his capitalist streak should insure his financial future. We wish the "surfer boy" good luck and wonder how university life will affect him . . .



Graduation '84







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prep school

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leenmurphykellymurphypaulmurphysallynantonadrianneumannsarahnewmanbessynikolaoubillynikolaou
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irravindrajohnriceannewylirobertssuzannahrobertsonharoldroscoetovarosenbergandrewsacamanoja
essampsonmelaniescharfemilyschroederanthonyseaboyer michaelseringhaustomsheridancraigsilverma
jennysilvermanpaulsimmsemilysouthwoodtimsouthwoodchrisstairsjamiestoltzdanielthompsonemilyth
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imwalilaurawatersdaviswebbkelsiewebbsarahwhiteheadbeverlywilliamsalexanderwilsonchriswilson
sieabbottzareenahmadbrianaudainwarrenauldsamirawadgabriellebaingenevievebainandrewbarkermic
elpaulbaskettericbednarskinorabednarskichristopherbelljasonbigiomatthewblouintraciboswelldar
elbyrnegilllianbyrnelissacainesadrianacameronallisoncoopermichaelcowiearizdavidarthurdavisje
niferdegrasseaarondicksonemilydoolittlemeghandorwardnatedorwardleifenglundataerdoganmeteerd
anallysonfranklinjenniferfranklintonifriedarungoomarjaniegouldjohannesgrahamnicholasgrahamtr
vorgreenwoodjeangrindleykategrindleymollygrindleyemmahaggarterinhansenjuliehendersonchristir
hollettroyholnessnickimrielesleyjacksonjasonjacobsonracheljonesathanasioskartsaklisdavidkee
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scottmccormackmichaelmcdougallandrewmcfarlanedavidmcfarlanetamimeretskylukemerriemenmathiasmi
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sonharoldroscoetovarosenbergandrewsacamanojamessampsonmelaniescharfemilyschroederanthonyseat
yermichaelseringhaustomsheridoncraigsilvermanjennysilvermanpaulsimmsemilysouthwoodtimsouthwc
dchrisstairsjamiestoltzdanielthompsonemilythompsonmatthompsonmatthewthompsonscottthomsonann
tottenhamichaeltuckerdrummondvogankendalvoganasimwalilaurawatersdaviswebbkelsiewebbsarahwhiteh
adbeverlywilliamsalexanderwilsonchriswilsonsusieabbottzareenahmadbrianaudainwarrenauldsamira
adgabriellebaingenevievebainandrewbarker michaelbarkerpaulbaskettericbednarskinorabednarskich

Primary



Back Row: Genevieve Bain, Emily Southwood, Marcy Laing, Georgina Mastrapis, Jennifer DeGrasse, Billy Nikalaou, Adrian Newmann
 Front Row: David Lancaster, Sean MacLure, Scott McCormack, Ryan King, Julie Henderson
 Absent: Sarah Ottman, Liza Piper, Suzannah Robertson, Emily Schroeder, Alexander Wilson

ALEXANDER SUZANNAH
 EMILYGO EMILY SC SARAH
 LIZA R FAN Billy
 ADRIAN Georgina
 SCOT Sean
 JULIE
 DAVID
 MARCY
 JENNIFER GENEVIEVE BAIN



Back Row: Eric Bednarski, Bradley McCallum, Michael Seringhaus, Craig Silverman, Andrew McFarlane, Kerry Kindred, Molly Grindley, Mete Erdogan, Colin MacDonald
Front Row: Mrs. Miner, Tim Southwood, Martin Laycock, Emily Thompson, Jennifer Franklin, Eriskay Liston, Andrew Barker, Michael Tucker, Mark Lindsay

I wish . . .

- | | |
|------------|--|
| Andrew B. | — I was the best soccer player in the world. |
| Eric | — I was a rock star. |
| Mete | — I was the first man to go to the moon. |
| Jennifer | — I had a horse so I could ride it all day long. |
| Molly | — I were a rabbit, then I could get three baby rabbits. |
| Erin | — I could have the G.I. Joe Headquarters, and then I could turn it into a size I could fit into. |
| Kerry | — I were a fairy. I would give magic. |
| Martin | — I had a hamster and a guinea pig. |
| Mark | — I knew everything. |
| Eriskay | — I had long hair. |
| Bradley | — I had the strongest jet. |
| Colin | — Marty was my brother, then we could play with him and Brent. |
| Andrew M. | — I were Michael Knight. |
| Michael S. | — I was a police officer on a motorbike on Chip's patrol. |
| Emily | — I was a puppy. |
| Tim | — I was the best hockey player. |
| Michael T. | — I could read Babar books all the time. |

Prep 2



Back Row: Harold Roscoe, Ata Ervdogan, Paul Murphy, Adam O'Neill, Matthew Blouin, Jason King, Jason Bigio
 Front Row: Mrs. Lewis, Nat Pearre, Anne Totten, Susan Nisbet, Christine Hollet, Jeffrey Parker
 Absent: Tina Piper, Emma Penick, Tova Rosenberg, Jamie Stoltz

If I met a martian I would . . .

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| Jason B. | — be scared and faint |
| Matthew | — kiss it |
| Ata | — go tell my Mom and then shout "Who are you?" |
| Christine | — yell and I would say "Good bye!" |
| Jason K. | — get the U.S.A. army |
| Paul | — run in his U.F.O.! |
| Adam | — take him home and feed him. |
| Jeffrey | — run home and ask my Mom what martians are. |
| Nat | — stare wide-mouthed and then faint! |
| Emma | — ask if it knew E.T. |
| Tina | — bring him home and ask him what he was. |
| Harold | — get the army. |
| Tova | — stare at it. |
| Anthony | — give him a martian card. |
| Jamie | — ask it to identify itself. |
| Anne | — take it home and keep it. |

Prep 3



Back Row: Brent MacDonald, David McFarlane, Chris Wilson, Kendal Vogan, Kelsie Webb, Matthew D. Thompson, James Liston, Robert Kippers

Middle Row: Matthew E. Thompson, Lesley Jackson, Beth Pysemany, Jill Byrne, Aaron Dickson, Douglas Penick, Bessy Nikolaou

Front Row: Mrs. Murray, Kristen Matthews, Sarah Whitehead, Meg Dorward, Joy Laing, Kate Grindley, Allyson Franklin, Samir Awad, Laura Waters

If I were the teacher I would . . .

- | | |
|------------|---|
| Samir | — give the girls tons of homework. |
| Gabrielle | — teach dogs to sit up, roll over, and play dead. |
| Gillian | — only let the girls do everything they wanted. |
| Aaron | — say to the whole class, "Free time for a year." |
| Meghan | — teach a whole classroom of pussycats. |
| Allyson | — only give homework to the boys. |
| Kate | — give the children lots of work. |
| Lesley | — make the children stay in the gym all day so I could rest. |
| Robert | — give the girls free time and the boys work so that the boys would be smarter. |
| Joy | — say, "You don't have to go out today." |
| James | — have three and a half hours of free time. |
| Brent | — spank Mr. Montgomery ten times. |
| Kristen | — keep two guinea pigs in class. Every day I'd bring two dogs, two cats, two rabbits, two hamsters, four sheep and two horned owls. |
| David | — send the students outside to cut some wood. |
| Bessy | — make the boys work all day and all night and give the girls free time. |
| Douglas | — not give detentions and I would be nice. |
| Beth | — let the girls stay in but not the boys. |
| Matthew E. | — have hamburger hour and longer gym. |
| Matthew D. | — give everybody a detention. |
| Kendal | — give all the kids who forgot their homework to my pet lion. |
| Laura | — make all the boys fail! |
| Kelsie | — let the kids work for one hour only. |
| Sarah | — make the class study animals. They could take their animals to the school and the animals could stay all day. |
| Chris | — give six hour detentions to the girls. |
| Tony | — go around the school and say, "School is closed. School is closed." and then tell Mr. Montgomery. |



Prep 4

Back Row: David Keefe, Warren Auld, Lars Mitchell, Trevor Greenwood, Leif Englund, Nicholas Graham, Arun Goomar, Ben Pearre, Tom Sheridan, Adrian Cameron

Middle Row: Anne Wylie Roberts, Kathleen Murphy, Corey Matthews, Mathias Michalon-Flikeid, James Sampson, Gray Miles, Troy Holness

Front Row: Margie May, Mrs. Smith, Ben Moore, Jason Jacobson, John Rice, Jennifer Silverman, Emma Haggart, Rachel Jones

Absent: Michael McDougall

If I could be anybody for a day I would be . . .

- | | |
|------------|---|
| Warren | — Larry Bird because he is a good basketball player. |
| Leif | — a famous airforce pilot. |
| Arun | — James Bond 007 because it would be fun to go on adventures. |
| Nicholas | — myself because I have a very good life. The only problem with my life is that I get bored and mad too easily. |
| Trevor | — Terry Greer because he is a good football player and I like football. |
| Emma | — a millionaire. Then I would go to each store and buy everything I want. |
| Troy | — Neil Armstrong because he was the first man to put foot on the moon. |
| Jason | — John Riggins of the Washington Redskins because he is a famous football player. |
| Rachel | — myself, but I would like to live in the country where I can horseback ride. |
| David | — my brother because he is good at all sports. |
| Corey | — Dr. Shaw, our vet because I'd like to be a vet when I'm older. |
| Margie | — a famous violin player. |
| Mathias | — a cougar, for he is swift and brave! |
| Gray Miles | — a famous inventor because I like discoveries. |
| Lars | — James Bond 007 because he is smart, good-humoured and has adventures. |
| Ben Moore | — Joe Montana of the San Francisco Forty-Niners because football is my favourite sport. |
| Kathleen | — Princess Diana because she is the prettiest in the world! |
| Ben Pearre | — William J. Roue, the designer of the Bluenose, and I would design more boats. |
| John | — myself because I think I lead a very satisfactory life. |
| Anne | — the owner of Sonny Salo because Sonny Salo won the Kentucky Derby. |
| James | — Terry Greer because I like football and he is one of my favourite players. |
| Tom | — Paul McCartney. |



Prep 5

Back Row: Davis Webb, Andy Kim, Danny Byrne, Andrew Sacamano, Kabir Ravindra, Scott Thomson, Luke Merriman, Chris Bell

Middle Row: Ariz David, Allison Cooper, Beverly Williams, Zareen Ahmad, Melissa Caines, Nora Pysemay, Clea Kindred, Jane Gould

Front Row: Kevin Ramsey, Athanasios Kartsaklis, Nate Dorward, Paul Baskett, Felix Omolayole, Mr. Spencer

I remember when . . .

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| Zareen | — I lost my contact lens. |
| Paul Baskett | — I didn't talk for five minutes. |
| Christopher | — I first got my Intellivision. |
| Daniel | — I played with toys in class. |
| Allison | — we had National Weird Week. |
| Ariz | — Hey! You took my pen!! |
| Nate | — I found out I came from Mars. |
| Jane | — I was a belly-dancer in the school play. |
| Athanasios | — I tried to blow up the school. |
| Andy | — I committed suicide running down a hill. |
| Clea | — I was enjoying the summer vacation. |
| Luke | — I saw Yor five times. |
| Felix | — I was too disorganized, but oh so cute. |
| Nora | — I was accepted into the group of giggling ninnies! |
| Kevin | — I was bored. |
| Kabir | — I wasn't neurotic! |
| Andrew | — I met Envoy 100. |
| Paul Simms | — I was funny. |
| Scott | — I didn't want to come back to school. |
| Davis | — I made my first spitball. |
| Beverly | — I couldn't think of anything to say. |
| Melissa | — I burned around on ponies in their stalls. |
| Ian Spencer | — on the first day of school, I loved everybody! |



Prep 6

Back Row: Kelcey Parker, Arthur Davis, Brian Audain, Sarah Newman, Susie Abbott, Kelly Murphy, Chris Lankester, Michael Cowie, Mr. Lankester
 Middle Row: Emily Doolittle, Tami Meretsky, Asim Wali, Johannes Graham, George Nikolaou, Michael Barker, Nicholas Imrie, Mark McCallum, Drummond Vogan, Daniel Thompson
 Front Row: Nora Bednarski, Malve Petersmann, Toni Fried, Sally Nanton, Jean Grindley, Melanie Scharf, Traci Boswell

When I get into the Upper School I am going to . . .

Susie	— be living in Swensen's.
Brian	— be trampled in the mad rush in between-period stampedes!!!
Michael Barker	— hide between classes.
Nora	— be very happy and half-way through school.
Traci	— work hard.
Michael Cowie	— try to last as long as I can.
Arthur	— get lost in town at lunch!!!
Toni	— go to the school dances.
Johannes	— hope I survive.
Jean	— try to do better than I am doing now.
Nick	— escape from school at lunchtime!!!
Chris Lankester	— beat up my brother.
Mark	— get lost in all the homework.
Tami	— stick by the walls in rush hour.
Kelly	— go to McDonalds.
Sally	— read a lot more books.
Sarah	— go out to lunch.
George	— die.
Kelcey	— treat myself to lunch every day.
Malve	— buy a lot of Liquid Paper.
Melanie	— go shopping every weekend.
Chris Stairs	— classified.
Daniel	— try to survive.
Drummond	— become a Russian communist.
Asim	— kill or be killed.









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abarkerrogerbaskettjohnpeterbealekirstenbeckettandrebelcourtlorrainebelitskycolinbernardscot
bernardjean-paulbewersanilbhardwajelainabhattacharyyapaulbhattacharyyasheelabhattacharyyavic
orbighiokatherinebishopnadinebishopericblocklaurabraytonjennybraytonpaulburnellsarahburnsbrid
getbyrned'arcybyrnejohncameronandychamardesmundchoodaveconenjonathancookstephaniecooperpeterc
dauphineealdavistroydolomontallisonfairhurstjanefairhurstjayfergusonnancyfraserpaulafungjuliaga
edejamesgarnettkevingibsondavidgraymishkohansencathyhattbetsyhobbsmarkhoffer-wathennadinehof
fer-wathenlonhollandjasonholtgrahamhooperlaurahoopermichaelhopkinspaulahopkinsmichellehoracek
chrisjeansevanjonespatrickkeefedavidkeithwalter
kempbennolangpaullalonderichardlankesterkatielaycockmarie-franceleblancmatthieu
leblancseanllewellynnnicholaslonghurstroy
macdonaldbrucemacgregorcarmenmacinnispaulmacneilgillmannandreamcculloch

upper school

neilmccullochhollymccurdytommcphreebethmedjuckjonathanmeretskyrosemarymichalskirogermillsgavin
murphyjoannamurphyliammurphyathewmurphyalisonmurrayangelanelsongaryngchristynicholsonanth
onywestnovaccathynovacfinno'brienmingao'brienbeno'halloranmatthewo'halloranandrewolandmatthewoland
patrickolandcindypinkrobplowmanwilliampoonrogerportermunjuravindradannyreesedwardreesmichaelr
isleychrisrobertsondavidrobertsonclauderobillardleerodneypatrooneybrigidroscoeclareroscoepat
rickroscoeibillysaidkennyschwartzmilessheridanvivianshiaoallysonsinmiejennifersmithrobstairsjoh
annasteffanjonassteffanmichaelstephenstanjaswartkerstitacreiterelmerthirumurthikarenthomaspet
erthomasandrewturnernervanessaurquhartasadwalifaithwallacegeorgewangerskylaurelweldonanthonywest
michaelwestkenwoodadrianwyldjaneabbottkimaertssabeenaahmadandrewallenericalsembachwayneaspin
allcolinaudainbrianawadrobbabarastephaniebarbaralindabarkerrogerbaskettjohnpeterbealekirsten
beckettandrebelcourtlorrainebelitskycolinbernardscottbernardjean-paulbewersanilbhardwajelainab
hattacharyyapaulbhattacharyyasheelabhattacharyyavictorbighiokatherinebishopnadinebishopericblo
ckjennybraytonlaurabraytonpaulburnellsarahburnsbridgetbyrned'arcybyrnejohncameronandychamarde
smondchoodaveconenjonathancookstephaniecooperpeterdauphineealdavistroydolomontallisonfairhurs
tjanefairhurstjayfergusonnancyfraserpaulafungjuliagaedejamesgarnettkevingibsondavidgraymishkc
ansencathyhattbetsyhobbsmarkhoffer-wathennadinehoffer-wathenlonhollandjasonholtgrahamhooper
laurahoopermichaelhopkinspaulahopkinsmichellehoracekchrisjeansevanjonespatrickkeefedavidkeith
walterkempbennolangpaullalonderichardlankesterkatielaycockmarie-franceleblancmatthieu
leblancseanllewellynnnicholaslonghurstroy
macdonaldbrucemacgregorcarmenmacinnispaulmacneilgillmannandreamccullochneilmccullochhollymccurdytommcphreebethmedjuckjonathanmeretskiro
semarymichalskirogermillsgavinmurphyjoannamurphyliammurphyathewmurphyalisonmurrayangelanelsongaryngchristynichol
sonanthonywestnovaccathynovacfinno'brienmingao'brienbeno'halloranmatthewo'halloranandrewolandmat
thewolandpatrickolandcindypinkrobplowmanwilliampoonrogerportermunjuravindradannyreesedwardrees
michaelrisleychrisrobertsondavidrobertsonclauderobillardleerodneypatrooneybrigidroscoeclarer
oscoepatrickroscoeibillysaidkennyschwartzmilessheridanvivianshiaoallysonsinmiejennifersmithro
bsstairsjohannasteffanjonassteffanmichaelstephenstanjaswartkerstitacreiterelmerthirumurthikarent
homaspetertthomasandrewturnernervanessaurquhartasadwalifaithwallacegeorgewangerskylaurelweldonant
honywestmichaelwestkenwoodadrianwyldjaneabbottkimaertssabeenaahmadandrewallenericalsembachway
neaspinallcolinaudainbrianawadrobbabarastephaniebarbaralindabarkerrogerbaskettjohnpeterbeale



Upper 1

Back Row: Kevin Gibson, Paula Hopkins, Jennifer Smith, Stephanie Cooper, Clare Roscoe, Karen Thomas, Elaina Bhattacharyya, Mishko Hansen
 Middle Row: Jonathan Cook, Katie Laycock, Andrea McCulloch, Laura Brayton, Vanessa Urquhart, Allison Fairhurst, Joanna Murphy, Anil Bhardwaj, Billy Said
 Front Row: Michael Risley, Gillian Mann, Chris Jeans, Adrian Wild, Matthieu LeBlanc, Jean- Paul Bewers, Jason Holt
 Absent: Andy Chamard

The best thing about being in the Upper School is . . .

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Jean-Paul | — Mrs. Kemp's singing. |
| Anil | — <i>The Daughter of Time</i> (bah ha ha! What a joke!). |
| Elaina | — "Je ne sais quoi". |
| Laura | — . . . reading <i>The Daughter of Time</i> (hint hint). |
| Andy | — no comment. |
| Jonathan | — no more recorder. |
| Stephanie | — nothing. |
| Allison | — free periods. |
| Kevin | — finally finishing <i>The Daughter of Time</i> . |
| Mishko | — different teachers for different subjects. |
| Jason | — "What! There is a good thing?" |
| Paula | — you only have six years of school left. |
| Chris | — free periods. |
| Katie | — only God knows. |
| Gillian | — the superior attitudes of the older grades. |
| Andrea | — the last day of school. |
| Joanna | — teasing Mrs. Scobbie in the library. |
| Michael | — when that *x@#*+ <i>Daughter of Time</i> book is over. |
| Clare | — summer vacation. |
| Billy | — when the holidays arrive. |
| Jennifer | — <i>Daughter of Time</i> (fun fun fun!). |
| Karen | — no math on Thursdays. |
| Vanessa | — watching Mrs. Scobbie take a "hyper". |
| Matthieu | — when there's no French teacher in class so you can have a food fight. |
| Adrian | — one hour lunch break. |



Upper 2

Back Row: Paul Burnell, Matthew Oland, Colin Audain, Michael Stephens, Bridget Byrne, Holly McCurdy, Munju Ravindra, Christy Nicholson, Cathy Novac

Middle Row: Mark Hoffer-Wathen, Troy Dolomont, Miles Sheridan, Rob Plowman, Matthew O'Halloran, Alison Murray, Stephanie Barbara, Carmen MacInnis

Front Row: Evan Jones, Claude Robillard, Victor Bigio, Danny Rees, Michelle Horacek, Rosemary Michalski, Eric Block

Absent: Kersti Tacreiter, Julia Gaede

We, the class of Upper Two would like to be remembered for . . .

Colin's	— pimp coat.
Stephanie's	— shaking leg, cold meat.
Victor's	— tomato suckdown.
Eric's	— haircut.
Paul's	— silent beauty.
Bridget's	— bad luck.
Al's	— swim-a-thons, swim meet shopping.
Troy's	— constant gum-chewing (resemblance to cow chewing).
Julia's	— love for a certain K.W.
Mark's	— G.W.G. Scrubbies, crumblin' walls.
Michelle's	— organization.
Carmen's	— pinkness.
Holly's	— dropped lower lip, saggy cheeks.
Rosemary's	— suburban accent.
Alison's	— want to change her name.
Christy's	— rubber shoes.
Cathy's	— secret boycraziness.
Matthew's	— strange in-class comments.
Matthew O'H's	— need for fat, quiet leadership.
Robert's	— vocabulary, answers.
Danny's	— dangerous little white lies.
Claude's	— space-aged vehicle.
Miles's	— sweatband.
Michael's	— silent ska campaign.
Kersti's	— musicality.
Munju's	— silent superiority, over-sized sweaters.
Evan's	— nasal voice, shoes.
Dr. Chapman's	— love for Mr. Spencer and his heritage.



Upper 3

Upper 3

Back Row: Asad Wali, Peter Dauphinee, D'Arcy Byrne, Brian Awad, David Robertson, Roger Porter, Esmund Choo

Middle Row: Michael Hopkins, Jonathan Meretsky, Andre Belcourt, Patrick Oland, Cindy Pink, Colin Bernard, Laura Hooper, Linda Barker

Front Row: Lorraine Belitsky, Gavin Murphy, Nancy Fraser, Edward Rees, Lee Rodney, Beth Medjuck, Pat Rooney, Betsy Hobbs

Absent: John Cameron

The class of Upper 3 wouldn't be the same without . . .

- Brian's — sense of himself.
- Linda's — stuck-up nose, personality.
- Andre's — permanent tan.
- Lorraine's — clothes ★note without.
- Colin's — cabbage patch image (he he)
- D'Arcy's — destructive moods.
- John's — excellence.
- Esmund's — portable, plastic, pen, packed, pocket.
- Peter's — perverted, purple, pickled, puck.
- Nancy's — dictaphone and essays in triplicate.
- Laura's — craving for Sting, Ken.
- Mike's — whiny voice.
- Betsy's — chameleon hair.
- Beth's — *Flashdance* clothes.
- Jonathan's — excellence.
- Gavin's — \$2.00 haircuts.
- Patrick's — math teacher.
- Roger's — polyester clothes.
- Cindy's — hot, passionate, erotic desires, (RIP).
- Edward's — excellence.
- David's — plainness.
- Lee's — plainness.
- Pat's — over-maturity.
- Ken's — bright yellow underwear.
- Asad's — machismo, rugby pants, uncle in California.

Upper 4



Back Row: Johanna Steffen, Dave Keith, Sean Llewellyn, Peter Thomas, Roger Baskett, Sarah Baskett, Tom McPhee, Neil McCulloch
 Middle Row: Jenny Brayton, Angela Nelson, George Wangersky, Paul LaLonde, Liam Murphy, Minga O'Brien, Matthew Murphy, Walter Kemp
 Front Row: John-Peter Beale, David Gray, Jay Ferguson, Paul Bhattacharyya, Anthony West
 Absent: Chris Robertson

We, the class of Upper 4, do hereby leave . . .

- Roger — a key to Fort Knox.
- John — a blonde that had more fun.
- Paul B. — a lunch.
- Jenny — a sexy boyfriend???
- Sarah — a man of STEELE.
- Jay — a successful European tour.
- Dave G. — his own Circus.
- David K. — another girl for his harem.
- Walter — Kate.
- Paul L. — a kiss.
- Sean — a gift certificate to the Golden Clipper.
- Neil — a pair of legs.
- Tom — "Tam's Trawler".
- Liam — another trend.
- Matthew — hormones.
- Angels — stilts.
- Minga — a pack of cigarettes.
- Johanna — shampoo, soap, water, deodorant and instructions.
- Peter — Clive's Bible of Philosophy.
- George — a sex change.
- Anthony — dancing shoes and disco duds.
- Chris — Cathy Hatt.

Upper 5



Back Row: Laurel Weldon, Allyson Simmie, Tanja Swart, Nadine Hoffer-Wathen, Faith Wallace, Katherine Bishop, Brigid Roscoe, Marie-France LeBlanc

Middle Row: Dave Crawford, Richard Lankester, Michael West, Scott Bernard, Kim Aerts, Roger Mills, Patrick Keefe

Front Row: Rob Barbara, Andrew Oland, Jane Abbott, Anthony Novac, Paul MacNeil, James Garnett, Graham Hooper

Absent: Dave Conen

The class of Upper 5 wouldn't be the same without

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| Jane's | — Bloomies |
| Kim's | — half presence |
| Rob's | — two hairs and masculine aftershave |
| Scott's | — french connection |
| Kathy | — desire for more work |
| Dave's | — franglais |
| James's | — periodical trips outside |
| Nadine's | — Bowiemania |
| Graham's | — love for teachers |
| Pat's | — humbleness |
| Richard's | — overcompetetive rugby tactics |
| Marie's | — three foot vertical jump |
| Paul's | — hyena laugh |
| Roger's | — tales of Trinidad |
| Anthony's | — double chem. countdown |
| Andrew's | — nervous twitch |
| Brigid's | — piercing glare |
| Allyson's | — strange attraction to Peggy's Cove |
| Tanja's | — eager homework habits |
| Faith's | — good dieting intentions |
| Laurel | — to knock over our drinks |
| Mike's | — Sesame Street sex appeal |
| Mme. Smith's | — maternal fondness for us all |



“Ever been to P.E.I., Col?”

spring '83

Graduating Class of '83:

Judith Mary Abbott
Mark Bain
Elizabeth Ann Baxter
Stacie Anne Geraghty
David Jones
Dora Alida Kemp
Timothy William Klassen
Paul Kundzins
Christopher Lee
Addesh Mago
Christopher Eric Leonard Mills
Liu Tak Ming
Gary Ng
Peter Nicholson
Christopher Ian Robinson
Robert Ian Sephton
Richard Verrier
Ewen Wallace
Julian Wong
Timothy Writer
Main Ching Yee
John You

Graduation '83

Halifax Grammar School Graduation — June 18, 1983 List of Awards

Athletic Awards —

Soccer — Most Valuable Player Trophy	Rob Sephton
Badminton Annual Doubles Trophy	Chris Lee, Addesh Mago
Badminton Singles Trophy	Julian Wong
House Trophy	Ewen Wallace, Royals
Senior Girls Volleyball M.V.P. Trophy	Judith Abbott
Senior Boys Volleyball M.V.P. Trophy	Addesh Mago
Junior Female Athletic Award	Gillian Mann
Junior Male Athletic Award	Kelcey Parker
Fencing Champion	Walter Kemp
Outstanding Intermediate Girl Athlete	Stephanie Green
Outstanding Intermediate Boy Athlete	Roger Baskett
Markus Jannasch Memorial Trophy (Sr. Cross Country Run)	Roger Baskett
Outstanding Senior Female Athlete	Judith Abbott
Outstanding Senior Male Athlete	Rob Sephton
Senior Boys Basketball M.V.P. Trophy	Rob Sephton
Junior Basketball Sportsmanship	Steven Meinertzhagen
Senior Girls Basketball M.V.P. Trophy	Marie-France LeBlanc

Mathematics Awards

Gauss Mathematics Awards for grades 7 & 8

H. G. S. — winner of local independent school competition

Team: Peter Dauphinee, U. 2; Tim Andrews, U. 1; Brian Awad, U. 2; David Robertson, U. 2; Esmund Choo, U. 2

CANADIAN NATIONAL MATH LEAGUE — Grade 7 first in Nova Scotia

Team: Jon Dolin, Tim Andrews, Paul Burnell, Victor Bigio, Kersti Tacreiter

CANADIAN NATIONAL MATH LEAGUE — High School Level

H. G. S. first in Nova Scotia — award accepted by Chris Lee

UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO — PASCAL COMPETITION, Grade 9

H. G. S. first in Nova Scotia

Team: Ben Dolin, George Wangersky, Geoff Mann

SCIENCE FAIR AWARDS presented by Joanne McKee

to: Linda Barker, Laura Hooper, Jenny Brayton, David Robertson

THE CANADA PERMANENT SHORT STORY CONTEST

First in Nova Scotia was David Jones

PREP SCHOOL AWARD FOR PROGRESS — Andrea McCulloch

CASTALIA AWARD for natural talent in fields of debating, art, drama, music, dance, mime

Winners: William Richards, U. 5; Minga O'Brien, U. 3; Traci Boswell, P. 5

NANCY MOIR HAWKINS MEMORIAL AWARD for outstanding contribution to the school (non-academic)

Winner: Andrew Oland, U. 4

HONOUR LISTS in Grades 10-12

Grade 10: Jane Abbott, Katherine Bishop, Laurel Weldon

Grade 11: Elmer Thirumurthi, Andrew Turner, Benno Lang, Jonas Steffan, Andrew Allen, Nadine Bishop, Benedict O'Halloran, William Poon, Robert Stairs

Grade 12: Chris Lee, Rob Sephton, Tim Writer, Main Ching Yee

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S MEDAL awarded to a boy and girl in Grade 11 who have demonstrated qualities of leadership and service in the school and community.

Winners: Andrew Turner, Katherine Lankester

QUEEN ELIZABETH II MEDAL awarded to the member of the graduating class with highest academic achievement in English and 4 subjects.

Winner: Chris Lee

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDAL awarded to the member of the graduating class with the highest academic standing.

Winner: Chris Lee

AWARD OF MERIT — Special recognition for academic performance in graduating class

Winners: Tim Writer, Main Ching Yee

BIRK'S MEDAL — Outstanding leadership in student affairs

Winner: Ewen Wallace

Special mention for outstanding contribution to the school — Mrs. Klassen, Mrs. Geraghty

WALTER LESLIE SHIELD awarded to a student for all-round excellence in the fields of academics, athletics and leadership.

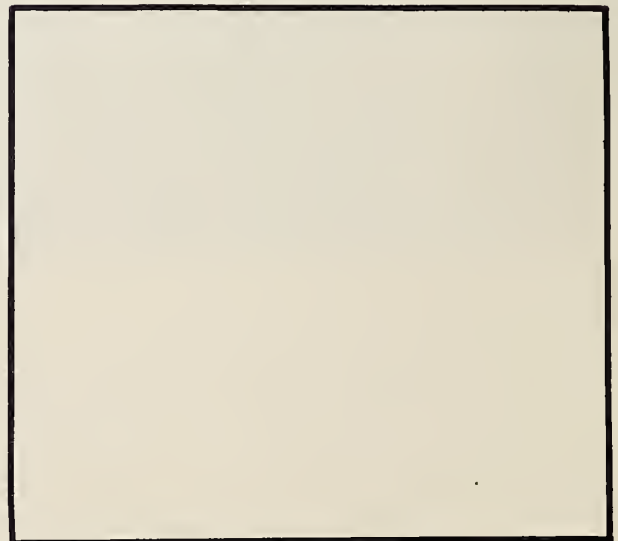
Winner: Rob Sephton

Track and Field '83

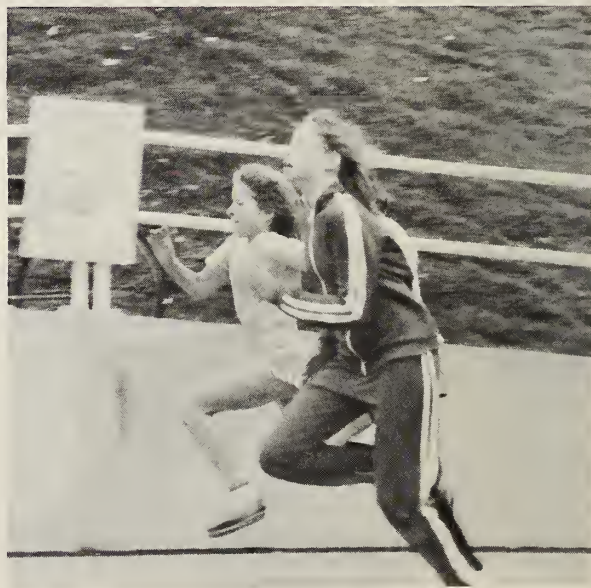
The 1983 Track and Field was extremely successful. Upper and Prep school meets were held separately. The Prep school meet was organized by Upper 4 (this year's class of Upper 5). Everyone enjoyed the rigorous competition and also the chance to bask in the sun, but where the Upper school meet was concerned, to freeze in the dismal weather. Despite the weather conditions, however, members of Royals, Acadia and Glooscap competed in such events as high jump, long jump, shot put, triple jump, various running events, and in the Prep school, three-legged races and egg and spoon races. The success of Track and Field was mainly due to the hard work and effort on behalf of the students and teachers, especially Mr. Logan. Royals, as usual, were victorious in both the Prep and Upper school meets. Hopefully, next year's Track and Field will be as successful as that of 1983. Once again, appreciation is extended to all those who worked so hard to make Track and Field possible.

Andrew Turner









Drama '83

The drama club of 1983 ambitiously undertook the production of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The hero of the play was Cyrano, a gallant swordsman and a gifted poet, who, within minutes, stole the hearts of his audience. Unfortunately, Cyrano was endowed with a rather large nose which rendered him ugly to all those who looked upon him, including his beloved Roxanne. The events that followed were touching, yet often hilarious as Cyrano eloquently expressed his love for Roxanne through the handsome but intellectually inept Christian.

The play was brought to life by a large team of actors, actresses, designers, and of course, our director, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, all of whom were intent on presenting the play in the best possible light. Surprisingly, actions that often seem natural and spontaneous on stage have to be worked out painstakingly during countless hours of rehearsal. We were fortunate to have actor and director John Dunsworth of Neptune Theatre attend and offer his helpful criticisms during rehearsals. He also conducted acting workshops which served to improve our self-confidence as actors and actresses as well as providing an outlet for the exhibitionists amongst us.

The cast performed the play twice and repeated the popular romantic scene with Roxanne and Christian, and Cyrano's valiant sword fight with one of his rivals at Open House and in the N.S. High School Drama Festival. I hope that all those who participated in drama last year profited as much as I feel I did and enjoyed themselves as thoroughly.

Cathy Hatt alias Roxanne









L

I

T

Literature

Prep 1 to Prep 3

The Cold Winter

The warm summer that was here one day,
now has turned to winter today, it crackles
and blows, it's windy and snows, it goes
through my fingers, and it freezes my toes.
But, soon it will go, as you and I know,
and that will be the end of winter.

David McFarlane
P. 3
1st Prize

A White Morning

You wake up. It is a new morning.
You look out to welcome snow.
It is already here. You are too
late but the snow was already welcomed
by the birds. You have a good feeling.

Katy Grindley
P. 3
2nd Prize

A Story

One day I was playing with Jennifer. And
then a horrible creature started to come and
scare us. And Jenny stuck her tongue at him
and instead of him scaring us, we scared him.

Eriskay Liston
P. 1
3rd Prize

I'll Eat You

There once was a monster
who came to Timbatoo
And then he saw a
lady. He said I'll eat
you with glue. I'll fry
you with potato and maybe
a pickle too, so in you go chop
chop slup, Bye, and down she went.

Beth Pyesmany
P. 3
Honorable Mention

The Color Blue

Blue is the color of a unicorn,
Blue is the color of God's eyes,
Blue is the color of the deep blue sea,
Blue is the best color in the world.

Bessy Nikolaou
P. 3
Honorable Mention

The Ill Brazilian

There was a man from Brazil
who was very ill who went to the top of a hill
to take his pill and he is still ill.

Douglas Penick
P. 3
Honorable Mention

The Year the Class Didn't Go to School

One year the class didn't go to school. It was lovely!
I did whatever I wanted. Well, almost
anything. I bought a kitten and a puppy.

When the year was over I went back to school. The second
day, the homework was to bring all your animals to
school, unless you didn't have any animals to bring
to school.

What a day we had! We had thousands of animals! We each
had our own room. Only three people were allowed in
a room at a time. I had a lovely time!

And the teacher said we could do this once a week.

Life at school was lovely! I loved going to school.
I wish the school would let us do that. And I'm still
waiting for them to let my class do it.

The End.

Sarah W.
P. 3

Me And The Little People

One day Matthew and I were playing hide and seek.
We saw a cave, so I said lets hide in the cave.
"O.K." said Matthew. We saw some little people.
So we spied on them. We saw King Brian.
But one of the little people saw us. We were brought
to King Brian. King Brian was glad to see us.
Matthew and I sat on a chest of jewels.
We had a great time, but then it was time to go
home. We had a big fight because they wanted us to
stay. "Let us go home. Thank you King Brian. Bye."
When we got home my Mom was looking for us. She was
not mad. We ate supper. Then we drove Matthew home.

Douglas Penick
P. 3

Round Is

Round is the moon that shines
in the night, but not all
the time.
Round is a clock rolling down
the road
Round is a doorknob letting
you in.

*Molly Grindley
P. 1
Honorable Mention*

Bed Time

Once on a stormy night
When I was in bed,
I heard a noise
Down stairs.
I got out of bed,
I went down stairs
to see what it was,
I was half way down the stairs
When I heard a noise,
it was my Mom!
singing in her chair.

*Joy Laing
P. 3*

I Meet the Care-Bears

I was sitting on my windowsill cleaning my
teeth down comes a care-bear wish-bear I meet,
then comes Birthday-bear, then comes Grumpy-bear,
then comes Love-a-lot, Friend-bear I greet, Good-
Luck-bear I like alot, that's all the care-bears
I meet!

*Bessy Nikolaou
P. 3*

The Cat from Ireland

There was a cat from Ireland. Who took
a vacation to Pieland. He ate 90 pies and
turned red in the eyes and that's the end
of the cat!

the end

Kelsie Webb
P. 3

I wish. . . .

I wish I had a horse so I could ride it
all day long.

I wish I could have a sleep over every night.

I wish I could go out at night and camp with
Eriskay.

Jennifer Franklin
P. 1

My Pet Cat

My pet cat is funny. Sometimes I wish she
was a bunny. My cat is cute. That's why
I called her Boots. She climbs trees and tries
to catch fleas. Sometimes she's bad and I get
mad! She bites with all her might. That's
all for now, so I'll give a little bow.

Allyson Franklin
P. 3

Prep 4

to

Prep 6

The Clash

I came out the side door of the school. It was a dull day, but in the air there seemed to be a lingering atmosphere of revenge.

Trish, Mary, Joan and Sandra were playing the new game Mary had made up, called "Super Ball". They stopped playing when they saw me.

"Can I play?" I asked.

"No way!" They all said at once. I walked off.

I don't know why, but I felt stubborn. So a few minutes later I came back and walked right into the middle of their game. When they had stopped I asked, "Why can't I play?" Whispers.

Trish said, "Because we don't want you to." I asked why, and Trish started to boil over.

"Look" she said, "If I start to be mean to you, you'll go and tell, and the teachers will be on your side 'cause you have crutches and no one will be on my side."

"That's right!" I said, "No one will be on your side after all the things you've done to people." Inside my head a little voice was telling me to remove myself from their game and forget all about it, but the problem was I also heard another voice telling me to sort it out there and now. I was silly. I decided to sort it out.

"Get out of our game, Nora." Trish shouted.

"Okay, I'm leaving, can't you see? Are you blind or something?"

"Not any more blind than you're smart" Joan said.

"Oh leave me alone!" I retorted.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" they all jeered at me. I walked off, thinking: "Why did I do that? Maybe I just wanted Trish to give in."

Later, in the hall, I met Trish, Mary, Joan and Sandra. "I'll make a deal with you," I said, "You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone."

"Forget it", said Trish nastily. I realized I wasn't going to get anywhere and I started to leave. They all started to laugh at me. I guess they thought I'd been beaten. I stopped and ran back towards them to show I wasn't.

When Trish saw me coming, she shouted: Don't you dare hit me with those", meaning my crutches. I held my crutches out in front of me to protect myself. Trish started to kick and I kicked back and then ran off.

Later she said, "I was only defending myself." Gee! What a thing to say! I felt really frustrated, which is how I always feel after a clash with HER!

Nora Bednarski

P. 6

1st prize

Winter

Winter is that time of year
When snow blankets the earth.
The rabbits leave their
Three-toed tracks;
The deer blend with branches,
Avoiding the guns of hunters.
The bear, lazy and fat,
Snoozes in his cozy cave.

Winter is that time of year
When skiers fly over slopes,
The sledders rollercoast across hills,
The skaters carve pictures
In the ice of lakes.

Winter is that time of year
When snowball fights are fought
From the safety of the forts.
And snowmen stand on guard at night,
Wearing bowler hats and scarves,
Sniffing the air through carrots.

Winter is that time of year
When Santa's in the air
In the tinkle of bells
And the twinkle of stars
And the notes of a Christmas card.

Winter is a wonderful time of year!

Davis Webb
P. 5
2nd prize

Dreams

When I'm asleep I often dream of things
I think I might see. Such as walking books
and talking cakes. And many other vertebrates.
But extra slumber for an hour has my mind racing
at full power. When I'm dreaming at full
steam my thoughts are often about ice cream.
When I dream of boats that sink I often think
I need a shrink. But dreams are elusive to the
eye the ice cream's off — and so am I!

Paul Baskett
P. 5
3rd prize

You're Barking up the Wrong Tree

Once upon a time, there was dog. He wasn't the greatest hunter because he was nearsighted, but he enjoyed it. One fine spring day, as he was out dragging his "unwilling" master around the park, he spotted a cat. The dog, despite the fact that he wasn't the greatest hunter, was enthusiastic; so he ran off, leaving his "unwilling" master behind.

He was gaining on the cat bit by bit, but finally the cat became tired of running, and scampered up a tree. The dog, being nearsighted, couldn't make out which tree the cat was in, so, he decided on barking at the shortest one.

Unfortunately, that tree had a bees nest in it. The nearsighted dog's barking disturbed the bees, and he was stung by several.

While the dog was yelping with pain, the cat snuck away. From the distance he called "YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE", and disappeared over the horizon.

Emily Doolittle
P. 6
Honorable Mention

Gold

Red

Red is in a rainbow
And in a cake
It is the alarm clock
That keeps me awake
Red is my pencil
Oops — it broke as I spoke
It's in a stripe
And a cherry on a branch
It's a fire bright
That gives off light
It's a rose, beautiful and bright
Red is in the Canadian flag
Or blood on a mace
And it's the lipstick a girl would smear on her face.

Lars S. Mitchell
P. 4
Honorable Mention

The leaves are gold, but they can't stay,
Winter is coming and they will go away.
Flowers are gold, and they can't stay
They wrinkle up and die away.
The winter comes, and some things stay,
But for the leaves and flowers
Nothing gold can stay.

Leif Englund
P. 4
Honorable Mention

At Night

The cat yawned and stretched
In the darkening gloom,
Then roamed around in
The shadowy room.

The moon soon rose
And began to pour
It's silver moonbeams
On the pitch-black floor.

The people were all
Asleep in their beds,
With the covers pulled snugly
Up to their heads.

No people to stroke him,
And give him a pat.
They were all alone,
The moon and the cat.

Jean Grindley
P. 6
Honorable Mention



3 Limericks



I once had a brother called Andy
Who is known as a bit of a dandy
He wore a striped coat
Right up to his throat
And went off to school as a candy

There once was a runner named Dick
Whose times were not terribly quick
He went for a run
Fell asleep in the sun
And awoke feeling horrible sick


There once was a player of soccer
Who fancied himself as a blocker
He went for the ball
Had a heck of a fall
Which the blocker considered a shocker.

Michael Barker
P. 6
Honorable Mention

The Sea


Out in the boat,
In the middle of nowhere
In a boat . . .
afloat,

Watching the fish go by,
Alone with no one
No one to even
say hi.



Nora K. Pyesmany
P. 6
Honorable Mention

Trees



Trees changing colour
Winds blowing strong
Days shrinking shorter,
Nights growing long

Flowers are dying
Leaves falling down,
winter is coming
'tis becoming cold in town.

Johannes Graham
P. 6
Honourable Mention



My Pet

My lovely cat of great value.
I took good care of it 'till it grew up.
One day, early in the morning,
The rain was falling heavily,
I didn't know it was out playing.
It got stocked on the tree,
And was beaten by the rain.
When I noticed that it wasn't around,
I went out, and saw it on the tree.
I climbed the tree to get it,
And it was terribly shaking.
I took it into the house,
and gave it a very warm milk.
It got better before midnight.
Ever since then,
We became good friends,
And I never left it all alone.

Felix Omolayole
P. 5
Honourable Mention

Old Socks

I have a dog named Sacha and she enjoys carrying clothing around in her mouth especially old socks.


Sacha's favorite trick is pulling the socks right off your feet if you happen to be sitting without your shoes on. Most of the time she puts holes in the socks when she tugs.

Sacha finds this amusing and the older the socks the more she enjoys herself. When friends visit, Sacha has a habit of taking shoes, hats, gloves, sweaters and of course, their socks.

Old socks really move around in our house because sometimes we find socks hidden by our dog, on a bed, under a bed, and even sometimes outside.

Everytime we leave our dog and then when we return, she is always at the front door greeting us with at least one pair of old socks in her mouth. Some dogs think bones are the best, but in our house old socks are the winner.

Janie Gould
P. 5
Honourable Mention



Upper 1 to 3

Well Kept Secret

Appearances are deceiving,
For he was well built and handsome,
But for some reason,
His personality did not fit.

Often characterized as timid,
Enjoyed all the simplicities of life,
He was afraid of his own shadow,
Who could guess that?

To himself he often kept,
Life was but a dream,
No one knew he was so injured,
Internally.

David Robertson
U. 3
1st prize

Loneliness

Undistinguishable against the crowd,
Dull, and bland and barely heard,
Scared to wear anything too loud,
in case she may be classed absurd.

Painstakingly creeping down the hall,
Opening up her locker door.
Practically pressed against the wall,
Friends left long ago, condemning her a bore.

Her marks are very high,
Her parents very proud,
Leaving the school and waving bye,
She turned up her walkman loud.

Laura Hooper
U. 3
2nd prize

The Stray

A stray cat silently stalks the night.
Through mystical whirls of fog,
His radiant eye, like a beacon,
Illuminates the path ahead.
Alone on a trek to nowhere,
He hauls for food and lodging.
In dank deserted alleys,
Scrounging for food,
In garbage cans.
Comes across an inhabitant
Another wanderer such as he
A tough tenacious feline,
Much like the one who galled his missing eye.
Anxious to leave he surreptitiously slinks
Into the silence of night.
Familiar pavement under paw
He searches for houses that welcome him
With scraps, a saucer of milk
And sometimes a comforting warmth.
He takes up a new name at every place
Mephistopheles, Horatio, Blackie or Garfield.
He could be what each wanted for a time
But he is a loner
Preferring with daybreak
Anonymity.

Jonathan Cook
U. 1
3rd prize

The Panther

He's long black and vicious.
The three essentials for a silent night killer.
Panther's game is to kill, and he does it well.
He fines his sharp yellow eyes on the prey
Plans his timing to the precise second
He leaps quickly and silently.
It's over without a sound except for Panther,
licking his jaws for his nightly feast.

Billy Said
U. 1
Honorable Mention



Always Helpful

Rupert was always the helpful one,
And took everything with a smile,
Never indulging in anything
But kindness.

One day Rupert was playing,
with a boy down the block,
And the boy was playing near the bridge,
Until Rupert pushed him off.

And the next day Rupert went to school,
And his friends said "Have you heard the news?"
And Rupert said "Yes a terrible shame,
Can you come and play tommorow?"

Ken Schwartz
U. 3
Honorable Mention

United Auto Worker

His job was to weld fenders.
He was one of the last
Who was made of living cells.

He wore a mask of glass,
Welder's Safety Seventeen.
He watched sparks for eight hours.

A day in November he was summoned;
Told the company needed to cut back.
He took off his mask.

Outside was odd.
He hadn't been outside downtown
For awhile; when rush-hour existed only.

Morning air was good for the lungs.
Sparks had always scared him.
A transport of imports passed.

Brian Awad
U. 3
Honorable Mention

Marvin

Marvin was a messy boy
his face everlastingly streaked
his shoes he always left untied
his clothes eternally reeked

he had a kind of clumsy dignity
as he strolled in ignorant bliss
a trail of dirt he left behind him
with several coat buttons amiss

as the world came crashing down around him
he kept his innocence
he never seemed to notice
all the things over which he tripped.

Betsy Hobbs
U. 3
Honorable Mention

Life is Very Strange

life is very strange
but you don't mind.
you're an enigmatic person
but you're plain.

life is getting strange
but he doesn't mind.
he is very very good
but he's evil.

life is getting strange
but she doesn't mind.
she is always satisfied
but she's envious.

life is getting stranger
but they don't mind.
they're the sane ones
but they're mad.

life is getting strange
but we don't mind.
we are tempermental
but we're calm.

life is getting strange
but you don't mind.
you are full of calrity
but polluted.

life is getting stranger
but he doesn't mind.
he is very brave
but he's timid.

life is getting strange
but she doesn't mind.
she is very wise
but she's foolish.

life is getting strange
but they don't mind.
they are very cruel
yet humane.

life is getting strange
but I don't mind.
I am very happy
but I'm sad.

life is getting strange
but nobody minds.
everybody's living
but we're dead.

life is getting stranger.

Alison Murray
U. 2
Honorable Mention

Cats. . . .

Lissing
spitting
biting
scratching
scat, cat!
run
spit
liss
yeow!
scat!

purring
cuddling
playing
softly 'meowing'
here, pussy!
walk
purr
play
sleep
cute pussy!

stalking
graceful
noble
a queen
a beautiful creature
pause
look
lick
stalk away
a proud animal.
spitting,
purring,
stalking,
the cat.

Jennifer Smith
U. 1
Honorable Mention

What Happened This Time

He had been drinking that night. That wasn't anything new, but what was going to happen would be new, to his whole family. He had left the bar at 1:30 in the morning. He got home at about 2:25 and as he always did, went to bed to sleep it off. They all got up, the children went to school, and he and his wife went to work. It was at about 6:30, while they were having their dinner, there was a knock on the door. He got up to answer it and the whole family could hear them talking. When they heard it was the police they knew what had happened they were all praying that it hadn't, but deep in their minds they knew what it was. They were right, the next day on the third page of the paper, in big black letters, Hit and Run. Three People Killed, Drunk Driver.

Mark Hoffer-Wathen
U. 2
Honorable Mention

By What, By Whom, is the Deer Chased?

To the left,
to the right,
the head moves sharply.
Antlers high,
neck straight.
A twig,
"Snap!"
Off he darts,
followed,
by what,
by whom?

He sits,
and eats a twig,
innocently,
he stares,
looks left and right.
No lessons learned,
for it happens every year.
Why?
For fun?
No, want for the head,
the head which looks left and right.
He stops.
Looks straight,
and darts away.
Followed,
by what,
by whom?

By what?
By whom?

Man.

Asad Wali
U. 3
Honorable Mention

To Kill a Spider

See the little spider,
crawling up the wall,
should I smash his head in
or should I make him fall.

His hairy legs
and upward walk
are very plain to the eye
but if I pulled his legs off
do you think he'd die?

He spins his web up in a corner
where no one will think to look
but I spy his silky trap
and crush it with my book.

I see his maddened eyes
staring down at me,
and he scurries across the ceiling
I wonder where he could be?

Perhaps he's hiding in the carpet,
or maybe behind the chair
when I find the little menace
I'll give him quite the scare.

Just then I saw a tiny movement
on my bedroom floor,
and I spun around just in time
to see him go up the door.

I've got you now my little friend
there's no escape for you
I snatched him down from the door
and covered him in glue.

"It's all over" I said to him
and chuckled in a whisper
as I dropped him in the vanilla milkshake
of my bratty little sister.

Mike Hopkins
U. 3
Honorable Mention

Nobody Seems to Care

Entering the Bronx on a late night. The destination; Manhattan apartment. Coming around one turn and then seeing it. All the apartments blown off at the top, all that dead space. All the charcoaled windows, looking like they just came from World War II. The alleys are black, with their cats and garbage cans. You drive past all the broken, abandoned cars in the ditches. Why doesn't anybody clean those up? You look ahead and see the lights, action and beauty at Manhattan. You wonder about the people who used to live in these old apartments or still do. You enter Manhattan and see the Pan Am building with all its lights, the limos everywhere. You wonder about 114th and 116th Streets. What about the drugs, murders and vandalism? Nobody seems to care as long as they stay on there side of the court, there won't be any reason to care.

Christy Nicholson
U. 2
Honorable Mention

The Stallion

Red was the fire that burned in him
and strong in his heart range the will
to win

But red wasn't the color of the blood in his veins
for his blood as blue from his ancestors
strain

Red were the flowers in his victory wreath
The memory of him to the world he's bequeath.

Betsy Hobbs
U. 3

Live in the Wind

The crisp leaves form a path,
long after all life stills,
a reflection on the water,
that's it.

Alive is the imagination,
freedom is for each,
something in the wind,
silence encloses the world.

A rush, a chase, a prize,
warm, savoury blood,
a carcass left, then a howl,
the wolf is proved.

David Robertson
U. 3

Nothing Lasts Forever

It's as clear as glass,
Shiny as a diamond
And sparkling as crystal.
It glistens in the light
And shimmers at night
Hanging on trees,
Replacing leaves.
One of its beauties as its mystery —
Countless shapes and sizes
Simply mesmerize.
Shining in the hot sun
It looks so delicate yet so strong.
Then suddenly . . .
There is a drip . . .
And yet one more . . .
The beautiful icicle is being transformed,
Soon it will have disappeared —
settling in the soft snow.

Beth Medjuck
U. 3

The Eagle

He soars among the clouds
keeper of the sky
silence envelopes him like a shroud.

His dark wings now are crimson stained
a shot has pierced the sky
he is never to reign again.

Betsy Hobbs
U. 3

Without A Trace

A blood-red LED glows faintly in the corner of the darkened office. The silence broken only by an occasional muffled hum from within the machine. It sits alone on its stainless steel bench, silently waiting. Nearby lies a memo pad captioned "From the desk of Dr. G. P. Bates MD" marked with a few scribbles leftover from the day's data processing.

Many miles away, a man sits alone, reaching for a phone in the twilight, his stone face lit up by the glow of a CRT. He carefully dials a number, throws a few switches, then waits for some response on the screen. "CURRENT HOSPITAL REQUEST — DATA LINE BUSY. PLEASE STAND BY."

"Damn, it's still busy," mumbled the man to himself realizing that he would have to wait even longer. He glanced at his watch — "01:34" — eyes weary from many late nights. Another sip of coffee, and his mind slipped into deeper thought. He looked over the list of possible access codes that he had compiled; the name of the doctor, his wife's name, the name of their son . . . and other information he had found on Mr. Bates. His eyes lifted to see the moon shine through the slats of the half-closed blinds. Beyond the cool gray of the machine, silhouettes of wind-blown trees cut shadows in the fog. His fingers rested idly at the keyboard — silently waiting.

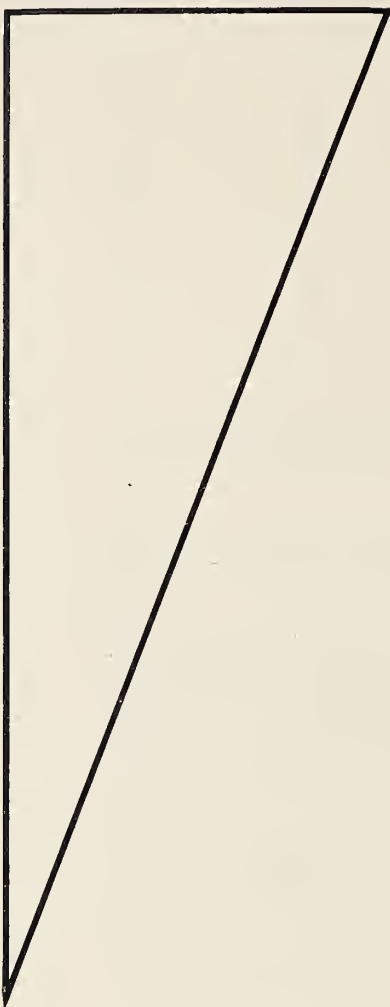
The glow changed ever so slightly as a new message appeared on the screen. "TASK COMPLETED. HELLO DR. BATES. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?" followed by a menu of options to be selected. The man stared in disbelief. "There's no security clearance. Tsk. Tsk. Doctor how careless," he thought aloud as he mused over an explanation. He figured that the doctor must have installed an unauthorized telephone connection to the office system so that he could do some of the work at home. This was not an uncommon occurrence since the development of the centralized MED system which was now installed in most hospitals to speed up diagnostics and patient processing by eliminating the need for mountains of paperwork. His eyes skimmed over the glowing letters. "Uh huh," he muttered as he pushed several keys. The screen responded with a partial list of patients currently on file. He scanned the list for any familiar names. "Better copy some of this just in case," he thought to himself, knowing that the information would bring a good price. The machine blindly obeyed.

He pushed a few more keys, their soft clicks echoing through the quiet. The screen cleared, and then a single title appeared in phosphorous green, "EDITING PATIENT FILE — ENTER PATIENT NAME". The man's fingers expertly worked over the keyboard, his eyes reflecting the glare of the screen, like a knife blade in the moonlight. The machine responded to his every move, silently changing a few bits of data. Then upon completing his task he left the system as he had entered — without a trace.

He downed the remaining coffee, got up from the padded chair, looked about the messy apartment, then went to bed satisfied with the night's work.

The sun began to set as the man walked up the stairs, fumbling with his keys along the way. He stopped momentarily to read the headline of the evening newspaper, "Another Mysterious Death At Bayside General". He smiled a smile of a job well done, then went inside. There would be a cheque in the mail tomorrow.

Ken Wood U.6



It was warmer today,
The type of crisp, thawing day that reminds me
of Boston in March.
The snow is gone except for flakes clinging to
bushes.
The ice still nestles by the curve.
Streets and trees are grey and white after
ice, snow and salt.
The sun is now covered by the wispy, wooly
clouds.
It's colder now.
The moon glows from behind the misty curtain
of cloud.
The wind whistles around the house.
Grandpa whistles downstairs by the radiator.

Walter Kemp
U. 4

Life's Seasons

The genesis of cycle, the spring of new life,
where flowers do blossom, shoots take shape.
The new warmth, off-spring of man and wife,
the only reward of lover's escape.

Time beckons, dues of growth are paid,
in the heat of activity, maturity makes claim,
Here awaited summer's dreams are made,
for some opportunity, others future's blame.

Then you fall into that noble age,
where respect is due, let wisdom reign.
And then cross another leaf, another page,
in the testament of life, the forthcoming pain.

The revelation is but hard and cold,
and life is sheltered, wrapped alone.
Helplessly shunned to live with the old,
the seasons end, death's chill unknown.

And so the seasons change, life's constant flow,
through months, conception till death.
Expectancy in spring, flowers sudden glow,
and the cold winter past I will forget.

Roger Mills. U. 5

Où est l'erreur?

Le bois qui reste tranquille,
Qui cache le feu pour la soirée;
Il tend les bras de chaleur.

La Flamme qui a la joie de vivre;
son âme danse comme la lumière:
quand il meurt, les cindres vivent encore:

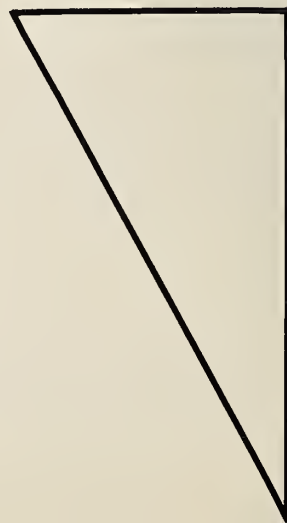
ça c'est le pêché.

L'âme qui ne sait pas rester,
qui tient toujours les horreurs de la vie;
Il perd les bras de chaleur.

Je ne vois pas l'âme qui vit,
qui ne s'éloigne pas de lui même;
Crêver à cause de ses pêchés —
Au dernier moment de l'anxiété

A vrai dire, où est la différence?

Elmer Thirumurthi
U. 6



Cowardice

a yellow stripe,
on the black asphalt,
Shall I go this way
or be radical — a non-conformist — and go in the
opposite direction,
but then, I might go against the traffic,
So maybe I'll just sit here and wait,
on the yellow line,
where it's safe,
and yellow. . . .

Laurel Weldon
U. 5

Hypocrisy

The shadows drew hard upon the state;
and behind the iron curtain was life;
its halls are never empty,
because its habitants never sleep
and thousands of miles away . . .
The sun rises on the romanesque halls;
of supreme justice
and many awake to the grind of a
weekday . . .
but those who labour here, awake to
their distruction, eventually.
Both powers whetting their swords
of peace.
Hypocracy.

Liam Murphy
U. 4

They've taken my pride,
They've taken my joys,
They've gone and broken,
Everyone of my toys.

They won't let me out,
They won't let me in,
I've chance to do nothing,
Yet they say that I sin.

Their poison invades me,
I gag and I cough,
Please stop the world,
I want to get off.

Chris Robertson
U. 4

A Friendly Reach

There comes a time, when life feels tragic,
when everything is wrong and all seems lost.
There comes a time, when you have lost the magic,
and in yourself you have no trust.

That's the time to reach for a friend,
to seek his comfort and aid.
To deal with the problems you could not mend,
and brighten as your problem fade.

Then suddenly, nothing longer seems a threat,
putting behind you, the horrible time you had to spend.
But when the beauty is restored, please don't forget,
the care of a loving friend.

Roger Mills. U. 5

Vision

I used to have a golden cloud, a halo,
around my head.
It hindered my vision.
So, using a ribbon red,
ruby red,
I tied it back.

*Laurel Weldon
U. 5*

Hey, man I've been around
I've seen the poverty in every town
You think you got it tough
in this first rate country
where the government will dish out
whatever your achin'
that's right laugh if you want
but I know the people who die from
starvation.
like your lunch today
just think how much you just threw away
with out a care or without a thought
of people like them who haven't got the
smarts
It's not their fault they have no knowledge
of what it's like to be pampered and spoiled
Why not check out the third world
countries where the fruit from the tree
is what they know
And that it's good just to be full
You say money is what you need
Why these people don't know what
that means
swap a chicken or a goat
or whatever they might need to keep them alive
to the next meal
so next time maybe don't complain
you've got it good try to keep it that way.

*David Keith
U. 4*

Mercenary Insanity

Children screaming in the darkness.
I can see only through blood,
The blood spilled
When a life is cut short
By violence.
The children are dying,
A world's hope lies bleeding
On the ground;
Torn.
A torch is lit,
Thousands of . . . things
Are strewn
Like clockwork dolls,
Broken . . .
Broken . . .
Broken . . .
The whine of engines
Screaming like the children
In my mind.
All my broken thoughts . . .
Staggering across a blood red landscape,
With silent creatures rising from the ground.
A cymbal clanging,
A discord of life,
Death.
The jazz blue trees
Dance to the music played by the orange sky;
Dancing on a nightmare floor of children's
Suffering faces,
Their cries are a counterpoint to the
Platinum moon's singing.
The gangrenous creatures
Look at my out-of-place visage,
White blank in a world of color,
Red blood in a world of people.
Sirens singing their love song of hate.
Black is white is red.
Werewolves worship sheep.
Blue moons fall and rise.
Black dragons scream and flame.
A land gone mad with horror
Moves and thinks
The breathing hills devour purple men.
The grey sun is overcome by a serpent
Singing doom
To a sorcerer making
Men to
Destroy each other
In their minds.
The seeds of knowledge
Hidden by the stars who
Shrouded in a green horror
Hide their leprous features
From the yellow sea
Which plays a harp with strings of air
And a soul in torment
Withers in an acid flame
Which twists
Like the vine around a jungle tree
Choking the life out of a world
Which is fumigated
By opening an atmospheric envelope and
Allowing the pests to run into
A vacuum
Which explodes in a flash of
Brown gold black silver green blue yellow.
Sending the tortured babies
To dance in my eyes.

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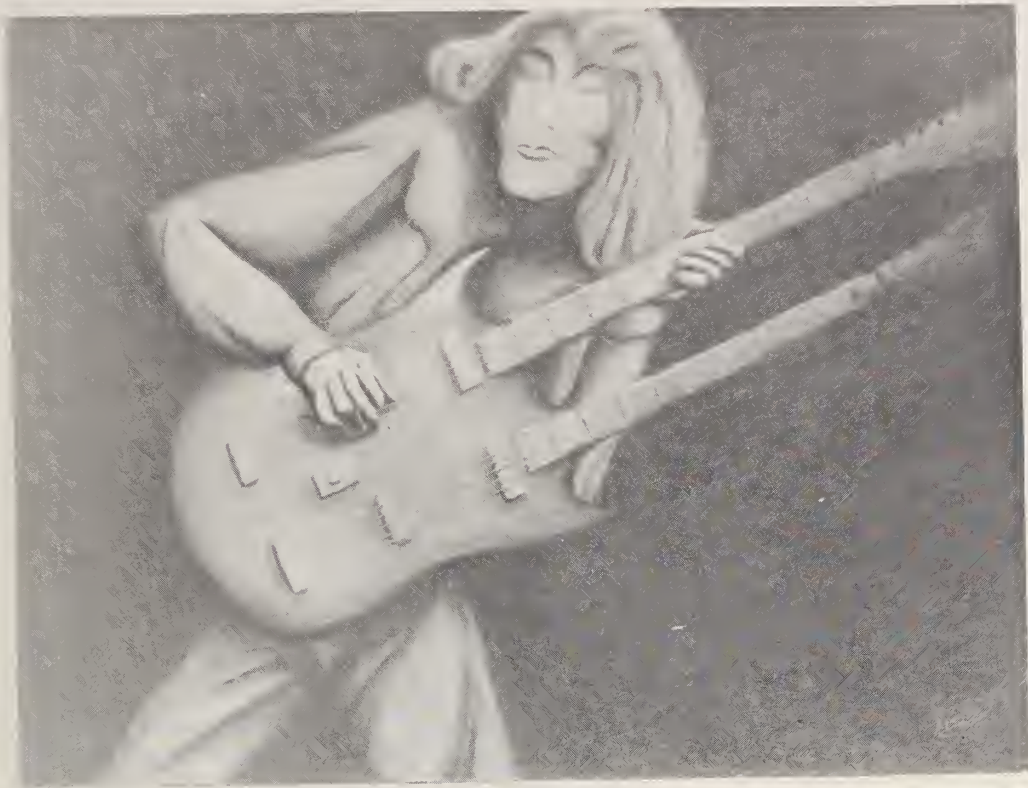
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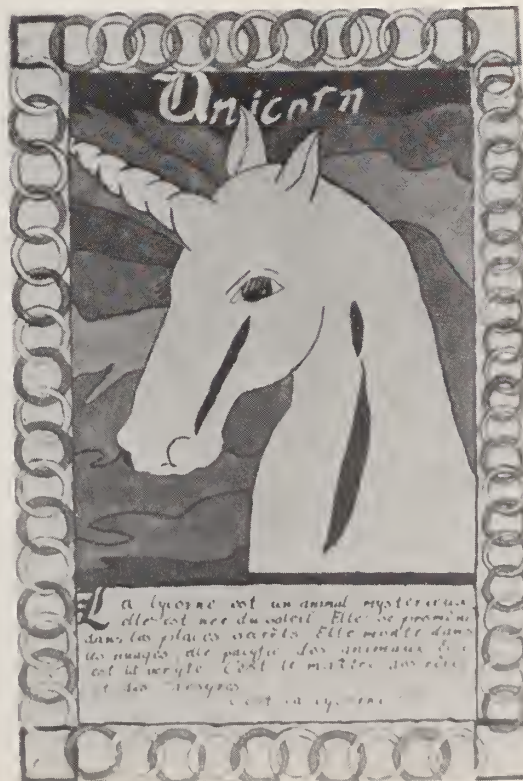


Nadine Hoffer-Wathen
Upper 5





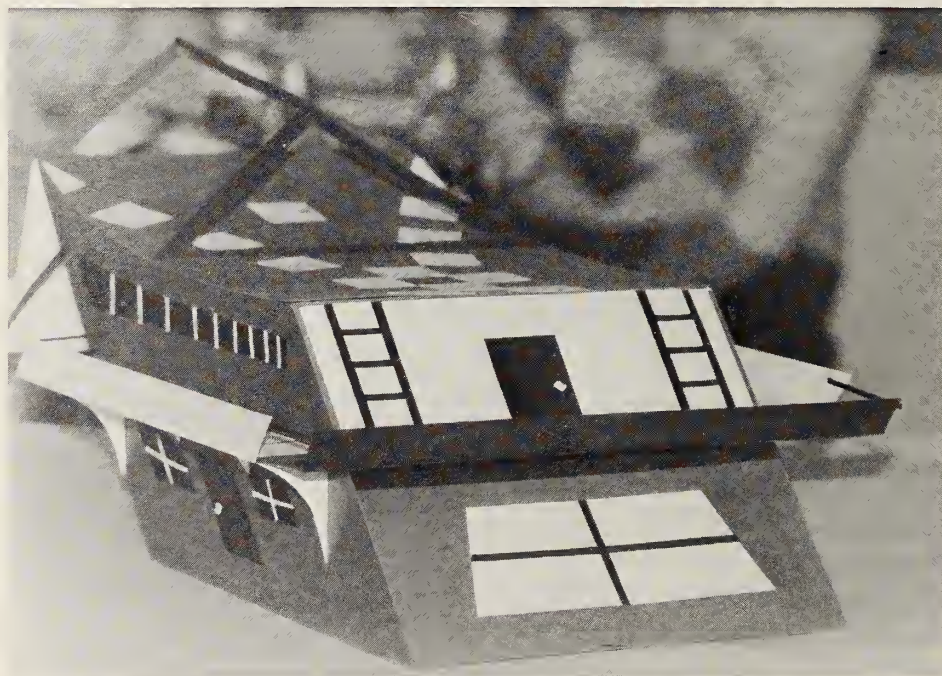
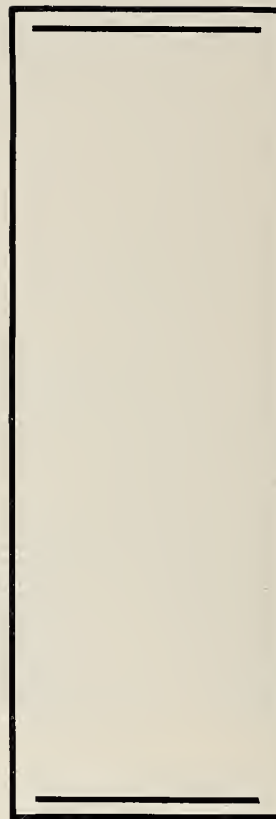
Kim Aerts
Upper 5



Munju Ravindra
Upper 2



*Stephanie Barbara
Upper 2*



*John Peter Beale
Upper 4*



clubs

Student Council



This year's Student Council has been a busy and active one. Although no gym programs have been held, Council members have kept themselves busy running dances at the school. Profits from these have been sufficient to eliminate any need for additional fund-raising projects. At Christmas-time The Council expressed its thanks to the students with a free movie-showing. Needless to say this was well appreciated.

Winter Carnival day was held on Thursday, January 26. Fortunately, things ran smoothly — an indication of the Council's organization(?) and of the loyalty of our volunteers. For February 13 the Council has organised a ski trip to Ski Wentworth. Through a combination of Student Council funds and obtainable group discounts, the price of the trip has been cut down to a bargain level.

Thanks are extended to all of the Student Council members, to those who volunteered their services for various events, and especially to Mrs. Degrasse, our staff advisor, for her invaluable guidance and advice. The Council looks forward to the remainder of its term in office, and hopes that it will continue to successfully represent and satisfy the opinions and demands of the student body.

The members of this year's Council are as follows:

Mrs. Degrasse
Benedict O'Halloran
Patrick Keefe
Rob Barbara
Marie-France LeBlanc
Andrew Turner
Andrew Oland
Peter Thomas
Patrick Oland
Matthew O'Halloran
Gillian Mann

Staff Advisor
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Upper 6 Representative
Upper 5 Rep.
Upper 4 Rep.
Upper 3 Rep.
Upper 2 Rep.
Upper 1 Rep.

Ben O'Halloran
Council President

Librarians

Eric Alsembach
William Poon
Elmer Thirumurthi
Mrs. Scobbie

Perhaps it is a reflection on the math teaching in the Upper School that very few of the students seem to be able to count, at least not when it comes to reshelving encyclopedias. The library is a haven for those staff and students who wish for a peaceful place away from the hurly-burly of the classrooms and hallways in which to read or work. The volunteer student librarians who have lunch hour duties do their best to keep order and usually have the co-operation of their peers. The quantity of books in the library continues to expand through purchases and donations. New easy chairs have also been acquired, and the ever-changing, colourful art displays arranged by Miss Silver add much to the atmosphere. Many thanks are extended to the volunteer librarians who have spent many hectic lunch hours in the library.

Mrs. Scobbie
Librarian

Assistant Secretaries

Jane Abbott	Cathy Hatt
Laurel Weldon	Sabeena Ahmad
Marie-France LeBlanc	Nadine Bishop
Sarah Burns	Sheela Bhattacharyya
Minga O'Brien	Katherine Bishop
Pat Rooney	Brigid Roscoe
Nancy Fraser	Allyson Simmie

Beth Medjuck

At the beginning of the school year, being head secretary, I found myself recruiting girls and boys of the Upper School to donate one lunch hour every three weeks to stand in for the secretary as she takes a lunch break. Fifteen girls ranging from Upper 3 to 6 willingly volunteered, but unfortunately I could find no boys prepared to answer phones and take messages. We'll see about next year.

Near the end of the first term, our last year's secretary, Miss Joy Flamank, more commonly known as Joy, was seen introducing Mrs. Linda Parker to our school and to her future job. Joy, much to everybody's great sadness, had to leave us for Ottawa, and now Mrs. Parker seems to be fitting in equally well. So, thanks to the fifteen recruits, best of luck, Joy, and welcome to our school, Mrs. Parker.

Katherine Bishop
Head Secretary

Drama

Prep



Leif England
John Rice
Clea Kindred
Andrew Sacamano
Beverly Williams
Janie Gould
Nora Pyesmany
Zareen Ahmad
Ariz David
Luke Merriman
Paul Baskett
Margie May
Rachel Jones
Anne Roberts
Emma Haggart
Warren Auld
James Sampson
Jason Jacobson
Athanasios Kartsaklis
Mathias Michalon-Flikeid
Trevor Greenwood

Upper

Laurel Weldon
Allyson Simmie
Minga O'Brien
Michael West
Ken Wood
Roger Baskett
Laura Brayton
Jennifer Smith
Clare Roscoe
Stephanie Cooper
Karen Thomas
Alison Murray
Andrea McCulloch
Scott Bernard
Graham Hooper
Tanja Swart
Munju Ravindra
Kersti Tacreiter
Pat Rooney
Nancy Fraser
Lorraine Belitsky
Beth Medjuck
Cindy Pink
Edward Rees
Jonathan Meretsky
Peter Thomas
Patrick Roscoe
Walter Kemp
Matthew Murphy
Andrew Allen
Ken Schwartz
Paul LaLonde
Patrick Oland
John Cameron

The following quotes sum up this year's drama club.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."
Emerson

"Speech is the index of the mind."
Seneca

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we that live to please must please to live."
Dr. Samuel Johnson

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action,
with this special observance, that you o'erstep not
the modesty of nature."
Shakespeare
(Hamlet, Act III, Scene II)

"Without effort, there is no reward."
Meinertzhagen

"The actor who lets the dust accumulate on his flesh, his Shakespeare, and his
Bible, but pours greedily over every little column of theatrical news, is a lost
soul."
Fiske

*Mrs. N. Meinertzhagen
Head of Drama Dep't*

Debating



Back Row: Peter Thomas, Andrew Turner, Ben O'Halloran, Andrew Allen
Front Row: Walter Kemp, Liam Murphy, Matthew Murphy, John Cameron, Mrs. Aterman, Jonathan Meretsky

Debating got off to a flying start at the beginning of the year, but a variety of extra-curricular pressures has drastically reduced numbers to a small core of enthusiasts.

The more experienced seniors bypassed the provincial meeting (impromptu debating) in November, having travelled that route before on a number of occasions — they are, however, planning to participate in the provincial meet in the spring.

New seniors, Peter Thomas and Walter Kemp acquitted themselves well at the November meeting. They, together with some keen novices from Uppers 2&3, are looking forward to testing their mettle at the provincial meeting in the spring.

Thanks must go to Bruce Kirby for his work with senior debaters in term one.

Mrs. Aterman

Prep Choir

Nora Bednarski	Matthew Thompson
Kelcey Parker	Melanie Scharf
Traci Boswell	Susie Abbott
Toni Fried	Brian Audain
Kathleen Murphy	Asim Wali
Jennifer Silverman	Tami Meretsky
Corey Matthews	Malve Petersmann
Arun Goomar	Sally Nanton
Tom Sheridan	Sarah Newman
Nate Dorward	Kelly Murphy

Kabir Ravindra

The Junior Choir this year has 31 members from grades 4, 5 and 6 and has planned an active and exciting season.

The first event was on December 8th when the choir entertained the residents of Pinehaven Nursing home. Then on December 11th they joined the Dalhousie Chorale for some Christmas carols and a children's quiz at the Chorale's annual Christmas concert.

Having sung at the school's Yuletide concert their season finished with caroling and a party at the director's house. All did not go well at this last event. After much joviality singing in the streets, the choir was to sing for the residents of Camp Hill Hospital. A friendly nurse ushered us all to a large elevator that was to take us up to the second floor. We all piled into the elevator (23 students and 2 adults), pushed the buttons and waited, and waited and waited ... Nothing happened and when we tried to open the door — nothing happened. When we pushed the alarm button — nothing happened. We were stuck! We finally managed to work the alarm button and to arouse some attention and to turn on the fan to keep us all breathing. After a gruelling hour they managed to get us out, but nobody felt like singing any more.

In February the choir is singing at the Kiwanis Festival, but the highlight of the season will no doubt be the planned tour to Toronto to the Independent Schools Music Festival at Massey Hall on April 12, 1984. Twenty lucky students from the choir will join some 200 others from independent schools across Canada to sing four massed numbers for the festival. If this trip is successful it could become an annual event.

The choir will finish its season by singing at the Graduation ceremonies, but there is always the chance that some lucky students will again have a chance to participate at the Nova Scotia Tattoo in July. Last year nine Grammar School students joined the hundreds of other singers, who dressed in Loyalist costumes entertained to full houses in the Nova Scotia Tattoo extravaganza at the Metro Centre. It was a memorable experience for all of us.

V. Kemp
(Music Teacher)

Chess Club

The chess club this year broke the ice with a subject which has been received with mixed interest. This year has been useful to introduce the student body to in-school tournaments and has initiated interest in national tournaments.

Perhaps as we develop our skills, we can expose more members to the Canadian Federation of Chess, which two of us already participate in. There have been many possibilities opened this year, such as speed chess, simultaneous playing, inter-school tournaments and our run-rating system, which we hope will be continued next year, but the success of the club is resting in the future.

Elmer Thirumurthi
Eric Alsebach

sports





Glooscap

Finally, finally, it appears that the dominance of Royals and Acadia is ending and Glooscap is going to finish the year where it belongs — on top. With successful results in the cross-country and intramurals all that is needed is a strong Track and Field performance for Glooscap to rescue the trophy from the hands of Royals and Acadia. This could not be done without the considerable help I have received from Arun Goomar in Prep 4, Michael Stevens in Upper 2, and Richard Lankester and Patrick Keefe in Upper 5. I would like to thank them for giving up many lunch hours.

*Andrew Oland
Glooscap House Captain*

Acadia



After coming so close to winning last year, Acadia has shown that it is determined to win this year. Acadians have been quite successful in all of the sports events, especially at the Junior and Intermediate levels. Much of this success is due to the continuous and great help of the Assistant Captains, Brigid Roscoe, Marie-France LeBlanc and Robert Stairs. Hopefully, with more support like this from other Acadians, we shall triumph over the other two teams.

*Paul McNeil
Acadia House Captain*



Royals

As expected, Royals has carried on their tradition of success in the intramural program. Participation in the fall cross country run was very encouraging and Royals established itself as a team to look out for in the spring. There are two main events in the spring; the track and field and the spring cross country run. Royals hopes to be successful in both of these events. Thus far the team has been winning and hopefully this trend will continue. Many thanks to Anthony Novac, the Royals Co-captain, and good luck next year!

*Andrew Turner
House Captain*

The Grammar School athletic program has continued to provide a wide range of activities for the student body. An active intramural system, a variety of clubs and a number of competitive school teams provide students with many constructive ways to fill their free time.

Through the Grade 12 leadership program and the voluntary effort of sports people in the community, the valuable human resources necessary to develop a successful athletic program in the Upper School have been acquired. With the structure in place, the program only needs time to develop. Our teams are becoming increasingly competitive, and we will soon win our share of championships in the "core" sports (soccer, volleyball, basketball, badminton and fencing). The leadership students have also been most helpful in running non-competitive clubs which include table-tennis, orienteering, running, volleyball, basketball and chess. In addition there are competitive teams that have not been part of our core program such as cross-country running and table tennis. All these activities provide worthwhile leisurely pursuits for the students.

Although the school has had its fair share of success to date, two factors have warranted attention. Firstly, with a small student body, it is obvious that too broad a sports program would result in many teams and clubs, each, however, with limited success. Secondly, academics are the number one priority of the school, so too many programs will cause the athletic program to collapse when participation and studies conflict. Having considered these problems, the 1983-84 program was structured so as to maintain the depth of activity, but to limit the breadth (too many activities for too few students). More specifically, the seasonal core sports have been emphasised from grades six to twelve with as much league participation as possible. Other activities will continue on a smaller recreational scale as clubs within the school.

Mr. Scott Logan



Senior Soccer

Back Row: Ben O'Halloran, Andrew Turner, Roger Mills, Patrick Keefe, Andrew Oland, Roger Baskett
 Middle Row: Mr. Neale (coach), Paul MacNeil, James Garnett, Benno Lang, David Keith, Mr. Peter Bennett (coach)
 Front Row: Rob Barbara, Graham Hooper, Richard Lankester, Matthew Murphy, Neil McCulloch, Anthony Novac

The graduation of eight of last year's starters severely hampered attempts by the Senior Boys Soccer team to capture another Provincial "A" title. The lack of experience plagued the team throughout the year as it squandered early leads and played down to the level of opposition throughout the season.

Under new coaches, Mr. John Neale and Mr. Peter Bennett, we began our season losing to triple "A" opponent, Sir. John A. MacDonald in a close 2-1 match. With most of the cobwebs taken out, we took a 4-1 lead into the second half against our next opponent, J.L. Ilsley. But, through a combination of inexperience, laziness, and a referee with a very slow watch, we ended up drawing 4 all. Eastern Shore District High School was our next opponent in a home and home series. In the first game at Eastern Shore we won convincingly, but did have defensive lapses. The game played in Halifax was a defensive struggle and showed how easily it is to be lowered into a lesser style of play. Though we never seemed to get rolling we ended up the winners in overtime penalty shots. After two losses to C.P. Allen and Halifax West, both triple "A" opponents, we felt prepared for the provincial playoffs.

In another home and home series we defeated Hants North 9-3 in a two game total goals series. Although we won easily, our play in the second game was not encouraging as we entered the Provincial "A" Championships. The provincials consisted of two semifinals: us against Lockeport and a Reserve-Bridgetown match-up, with the winners meeting the next day in the finals. All games were played at the St. Francis field. Before well over 200 fans, H.G.S. established a one goal lead as Graham Hooper headed in a lovely cross by Matthew Murphy. Unfortunately, this was all the scoring we did until late in the second half when Neil McCulloch reduced Lockeport's lead to only one goal. But our strong offensive surge left a gap in defensive, and Lockeport scored it's forth goal. Our only consolation was that Lockeport went on to win the Provincial title. In the consolation game we again took an early lead, but, quite obviously the spirit and desire were not present, and we lost 5-2 to Reserve.

Although our season did not finish overly optimistically, things are looking better for next year, with the loss of only three starters, Ben O'Halloran, Andrew Turner, and Roger Mills. This year's solid nucleus of Graham Hooper, David Keith and Matthew Murphy on offence, Neil McCulloch and Roger Baskett at halfback, and Pat Keefe and Paul McNeil in the fullback position will return even stronger. This, combined with James Garnett's exceptional work in goal will hopefully produce a Provincial title for H.G.S.

Before this summary is complete, it would be selfish not to realize that our success this year could not have been achieved without the outstanding coaching of both Mr. Neale and Mr. Bennett. Both men took a considerable portion of time away from their jobs and other activities to coach, and in some cases, literally teach the game of soccer to some of our players. Without their tremendous work, our season would not have been as successful as it was and hopes for next year would not be running so high.

Under Thirteen Soccer

This year's under 13 boys' soccer tournament, although not totally successful in play was certainly enjoyable.

On a regular fall day, October 6th, fifteen eager soccer players left Nova Scotia, via Air Canada, to take part in the under 13 boys' soccer tournament in Kitchener, Ontario.

We arrived in Toronto, still high spirited in anticipation of the next day's events. From Toronto we were to be bussed to Guelph where we would be received by our billets.

The next day we were awakened at 7:00 and hurriedly driven to where we would be bussed to St. John's Kilmarnock, the school which was hosting us.

We quickly got ready for our first game against our host team whom we had played and beaten last year 4-1, so we were confident of our success. We played a solid game with a good defence and a tireless offence, credit going to Miles Sheridan, Danny Rees, Brian Audain and Victor Bigio, whose potent efforts kept the game to a 5-1 loss.

We had a few hours of relaxation to watch *Rocky III* on the VCR that the school provided, before we faced Lower Canada College. Our whole team play was much better in this game even though we lost 2-0. After a day of gruelling play we relaxed in the comforts of our gracious billets' houses.

The next day we met a really rough schedule as we were to play three teams. Our first game against Crescent showed us that there was definitely room for improvement as they shamed us 7-1. The one stalwart goal was scored by George Nikolaou.

The second game was against St. George's, Toronto. This was the last placed team and we should have beaten them, but, alas, it was a 1-1 tie. Our coach and our mascot, Mr. Logan, expected a miracle if they wanted us to win a game.

Our last game was against Selwyn House. We received the loudest cheers of encouragement from other teams to spur us on. We ended up 4-0 losers allowing us to surmise one thing — our opponents were quicker than the eye.

On Saturday we had an exhibition game against St. John's Ravens Court, who beat us 2-1.

Tired of losing, and hungry, we retired to the banquet hall where we were compensated with a lunch.

We left Guelph on the Sunday and we soon arrived home exhausted but glad to be back.

Special thanks to Mr. Lankester and Mr. Logan who, if it weren't for their spurring us on, the experience wouldn't have been as worthwhile.

Jonathan Cook

This year the coaches have been closely watching the Under 13 tournament with great care in order to gain as much insight as possible in preparation for the year of 1984 when H.G.S. has the opportunity to bring all the other independent schools to Halifax to participate in a festival of soccer — shall we call it the *Fish Bowl*?

Whilst our performance on the field was not obviously successful, the youth of our team was a noticeable disadvantage that led to tired legs and late game "blow-outs". Speed and thrust in attack was a deficiency which prevented us from being really competitive. Lack of size also made it difficult to keep pace with our opponents.

However, the team exhibited good skills in team play, passing, and dribbling. The sportsmanship of the team was also commendable. Scoring chances were certainly created, if not always taken. The goals that were scored were well-taken efforts and our players gave spirited performances.

Our goalkeeper, Matthew Oland, was a strong player in spite of the suggestion of some of the scores. He made many fine saves. Victor Bigio was a constant worker, who, along with Brian Audain, Miles Sheridan and Michael Barker, gave us considerable strength in defence. The attack showed creativity with Danny Rees, George Nikolaou, and Chris Lankester spearheading most of the thrusts.

In spite of our results, much was gained in experience and much useful building was done towards the year of '84 when we will host the event.

*Mr. J. Lankester
Coach*

Running Club



Back Row: Roger Baskett, Andrew Oland, Ben O'Halloran, Andrew Turner, Nicholas Longhurst

Front Row: Matthew Oland, Danny Rees, Matthew O'Halloran, Carmen McInnis

This year the running club participated in three metro cross-country meets. Considering our small membership size and the generally low number of runners in the school, the results were impressive. In particular, Matthew O'Halloran of Upper 2 qualified for this years provincial championship by placing seventh out of approximately 45 competitors in his age group at the qualifying meet. Thanks are extended to all runners for their participation as we eagerly look forward to the 1984 season.

Ben O'Halloran

Senior Girls Volleyball



Front: Faith Wallace, Katherine Bishop, Brigid Roscoe, Marie-France LeBlanc
Rear: Jane Abbott, Allyson Simmie

Not only did this season prove to be very successful and see a vast improvement over last season, but it took us to the Regional Tournament and saw us place third in the Metros. Our ability to act and play as a team has developed considerably, even to the point where we no longer lose our nerve when playing public schools! At first we had some attitude and goal-setting problems, but with the purchase of nice new cotton/polyester uniforms and with Mr. Logan's dedication to the team, they were overcome. Our success was not only due to this, however. It was also due to individual improvement of abilities. Marie proved to be a real asset to the team — she has amazingly unique bumping and blocking techniques (not only that, but she had access to a car). Kathy improved her overhand serve by concentrating on muscle flexion in her legs, while Jane improved her serve reception by constantly staying on her toes. Brigid was always prepared for emergencies as she had constant supplies of ice and bandages on hand. Meanwhile, Allyson and I concentrated on improving our blocking skills together. I hope your foot is better by next season, Allyson.

*Faith Wallace
Team Captain*

Senior Boys Volleyball

Anthony Novac
John-Peter Beale
Rob Barbara
Graham Hooper
James Garnett

Roger Baskett
Neil McCulloch
Patrick Keefe
Scott Bernard
Paul MacNeil

This was a rebuilding year for the senior boy's volleyball team. The four positions left open by the graduates were quickly filled, and we began practising early in the year. In the course of the season we attended tournaments in Wolfville, and Eastern Shore, these tournaments were valuable in preparing us for provincial play. Later in the season we met Duncan Macmillan in the regionals. By defeating them 3-0, we qualified for the provincials where we did not fare as well, being eliminated from contention after two matches. Next year all of our players and our devoted coach Mr. Logan, will be back with more experience for a much more rewarding season.

*Pat Keefe
Scott Bernard
Co-Captains*



Junior Girls Volleyball



Back Row: Munju Ravindra, Rosemary Michalski, Julia Gaede, Cathy Novac, Gillian Mann
Front Row: Kersti Tacreiter, Alison Murray, Clare Roscoe, Stephanie Barbara

As part of our P.E. leadership project, we three girls of upper six decided to run this year's junior girls volleyball club. Once the girls of Upper one, two and three heard of the club, they all flocked to the gym, eager to sign up for such a prestigious organization. The club was on it's way!

For the first practice, about twenty eager girls showed up. Unfortunately, what with forgotten gym uniform, the attendance record began to fall off. But those that did show up all ready to play their favourite sport, were eagerly welcomed by the three girls of upper six.

The club met every Friday at lunchtime for three-quarters of an hour at a time. The girls could play quite well and it was just a matter of pointing out the weak spots in their skills and letting them practice in order to improve in such areas. This is how the club was run for the first term of the school year, but as the volleyball season ended and the basketball one began we had to give up our gym time for junior boys basketball. However, we will hopefully continue with the club in the third term if we can get the use of the gym. We have enjoyed working with the girls in this club and we have learned the important responsibilities of 'leaders', which was the intention of the exercise.

*Nadine Bishop
Sabeena Ahmad
Sheela Bhattacharyya
(we three girls of upper six)*

Junior Boys Volleyball



Back Row: Brian Awad, Michael Hopkins, Esmund Choo, D'Arcy Byrne, Andre Belcourt, Patrick Oland
Front Row: Peter Dauphinee, Colin Audain, Michael Stevens, Matthew Oland, Roger Porter

This year's Junior Boys Volleyball team proved once again that there is a great deal of interest in the sport in this age group, if sporadic. Weekly meetings were held in the gym to improve skills and attendance (including myself), and I do genuinely feel that several members of the team have improved significantly. Games were met with much enthusiasm, and a senior team will inherit some valuable players in the years to come. Special thanks to Esmund Choo for his infinitely superior organization.

Patrick Roscoe
Coach

Senior Girls Basketball



Back Row: Nadine Bishop, Faith Wallace, Marie-France LeBlanc, Brigid Roscoe
Middle Row: Lorraine Belitsky, Linda Barker, Katherine Bishop
Front Row: Laurel Weldon, Nadine Hoffer-Wathen

This year the girls basketball team is undergoing a transition. It is a year that is being used to gain experience and knowledge in the game. With the addition of some new players and a coach, it is expected that it will take time for the team to meet it's full potential.

As of yet, our games have not been too successful, but as Katherine Icewoman Bishop, Brigid Doctor J. Roscoe, Nadine Big Mo Hoffer-Wathen, Laurel Twinkletoes Weldon, Minga Bomber O'Brien, Faith Swish Wallace and Marie-France Cream LeBlanc are warming up to last year's form, the games should improve steadily. We also have the indispensable advantages of Nadine Bishop and Linda Barker, who make up the rest of the squad.

Special thanks to Mr. MacNeil for giving up his free time to coach us.

*Marie-France LeBlanc
Team Captain*

Senior Boys Basketball



Bench: David Keith, Benno Lang, Anthony Novac, Andrew Oland, Paul MacNeil
Floor: Sean Llewellyn, Esmund Choo, Neil McCulloch, Patrick Keefe, Roger Mills

The senior boys basketball team has gotten off to a slow start in the Metro "B" league, having won only one game to date. We are progressing and gaining experience with every game, and we hope this will allow us to fare well in regional and provincial play.

Thanks must be given to our coach Pat Nearing who has returned for his second year, we hope this season will not provide him with further frustration. But no matter how the remainder of our season goes, all of our players will be returning next year to work hard.

*Pat Keefe
Team Captain*

Junior Girls Basketball



Back Row: Pat Rooney, Stephanie Barbara, Gillian Mann, Julia Gaede, Munju Ravindra, Rosemary Michalski, Bridget Byrne
Middle Row: Lorraine Belitsky, Linda Barker, Nancy Fraser, Clare Roscoe, Kersti Tacreiter, Alison Murray, Cathy Novac
Front Row: Michelle Horacek, Christy Nicholson

Junior Boys Basketball



Back Row: Asad Wali, Colin Audain, Brian Awad, Esmund Choo, Patrick Oland, D'Arcy Byrne, André Belcourt
Front Row: Matthew Oland, Danny Rees, Michael Stevens, Matthew O'Halloran, Eric Block

We were very optimistic about this year's Junior Boys Basketball team. After practicing for several weeks we got off to a good start, winning our first game in the Metro "B" Junior League. Although we had to practice early in the mornings twice a week, there has been an enthusiastic response. The team, which is comprised of students from grades seven to nine, had high morale as we approached the playoffs in mid-February.

At the end of the season we finished fourth in our division, enabling us to advance to the finals. In our first game in the finals, however, we were eliminated by the first-placed team in the other division. On the whole, though, one must say that it was a very successful season, and we hope that next year's Junior Boys Team will do even better.

*Benno Lang
William Poon
Andrew Turner*

Badminton

As the 1983/84 school year has progressed the badminton team and club have seen new concepts and programs. For instance, the teaching sessions for the Prep School coached by William Poon have been well received and are steadily increasing in size and popularity.

The prospects for our team's future look bright as we have already been invited to attend several tournaments. Also, as we gain experience in the Nova Scotia Badminton Association and from our drill sessions, it is safe to say that this year will be a successful one!

*Eric Alsebach
Elmer Thirumurthi*

Ping Pong Club

The ping pong club was run on a very informal basis this year, and has been a great success. Students from all grades in the Upper School have come to play, and, I trust have had a lot of fun besides learning some new skills. A few of the staff members have graced us with their presence from time to time, especially Mr. Keirstead whom some of the better players have had a hard time beating.

I hope that next year, under different leadership, the club will prosper even more.

Jonas Steffen

Floor Hockey

Being newly-formed, the floor hockey club has a limited membership, but in no way does it have limited enthusiasm. The founders of the club hope it will gain in popularity upon the acquisition of more adequate equipment. Since the beginning of the academic year, there has been constant participation by at least a few members. We hope to grow in numbers in order to have good-sized teams for championships. The mere existence of the club has brought about the idea of making floor hockey part of the intramural system . . . well, maybe next year.

*Bruce MacGregor
Wayne Aspinall*

Fencing



Back Row: Mrs. Scobbie

Third Row: Kim Aerts, Peter Dauphinee, Adrian Cameron, Matthew Murphy, Walter Kemp, Karen Thomas, John Rice

Second Row: Kate Grindley, Joy Laing, Matthew Thompson, Luke Merriman, Andrew Sacamano, Paul Baskett, Andy Kim, Jennifer Silverman

Front Row: Gillian Byrne, Samir Awad, Matthew Thompson, Lars Mitchell, Jason Jacobson

Although the number of participants has gone down this year, the quality of the fencing has improved a great deal, especially among the younger fencers. Already, in a recent tournament, our club placed well in the 13 and Under category, taking up many of the top placings. Special thanks go to Mrs. Scobbie for her diligence and patience.

*Kim Aerts
Senior Fencer*

Swimming Club



Back Row: Kelcey Parker, Malve Petersmann, Gillian Mann, Andrea McCulloch, Billy Said

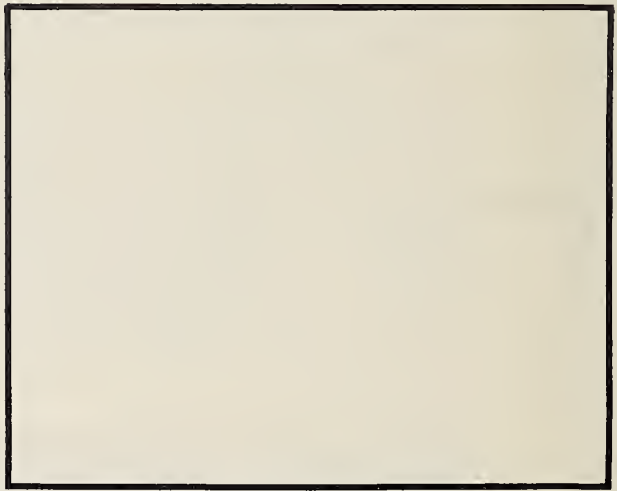
Front Row: Susie Abbott, Athanasios Kartsaklis, Felix Omolayole, Cathy Hatt

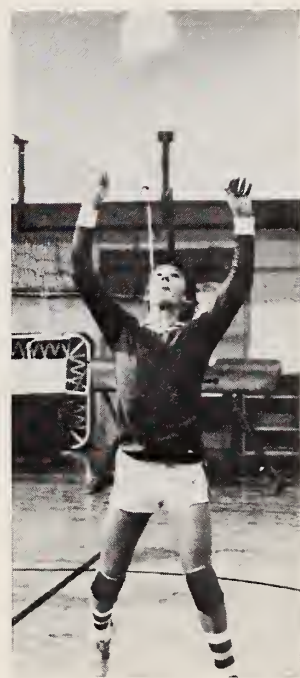
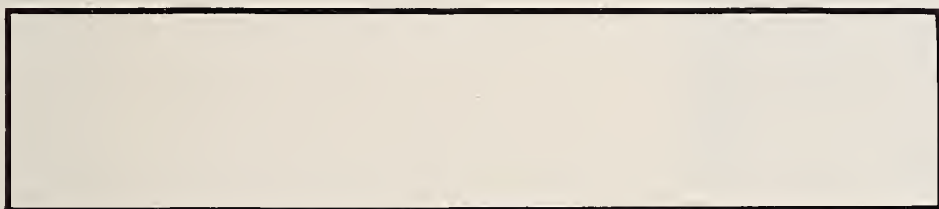
This year, H.G.S. saw the beginnings of a competitive swimming club in the prep school. Practices were held weekly at King's College Pool where club members endured rigorous training and developed their swimming skills through lectures on stroke mechanics and on fun games such as "cups and saucers". The swimmers made tremendous progress, some learning new strokes for the first time, and faring impressively at the final meet. I hope to see the swim club continued in the years to come.

Cathy Hatt
Coach

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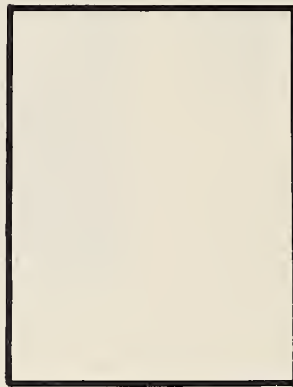


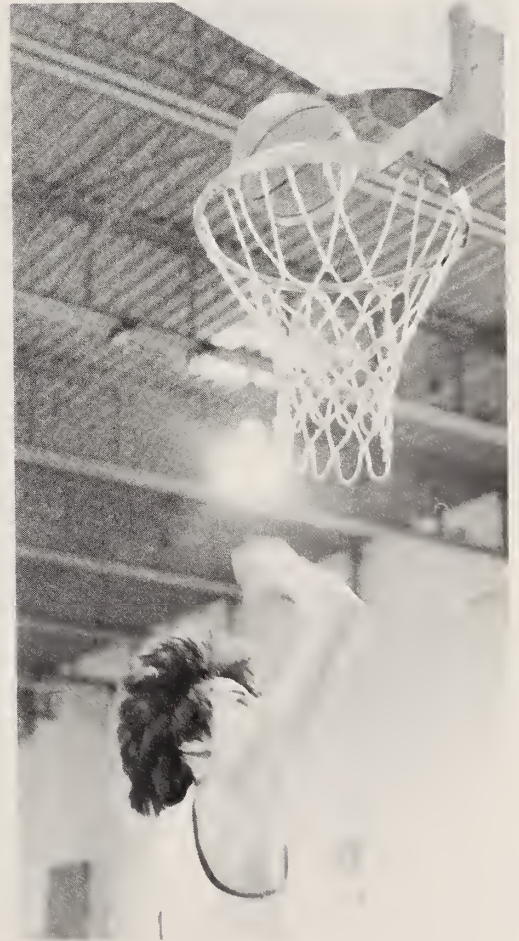


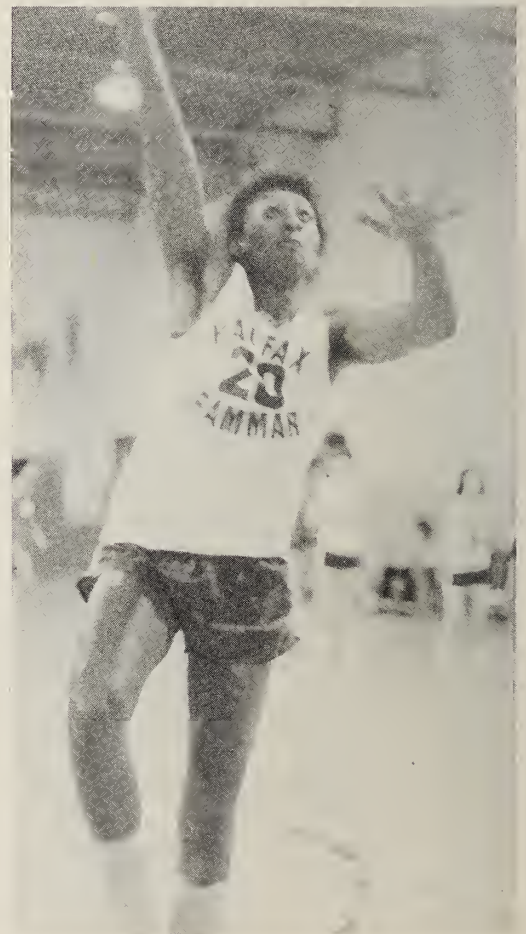












special events

A large white arrow pointing to the right, with the text 'special events' written inside it. The arrow is composed of two parallel horizontal lines that converge at a point on the right, forming a triangular arrowhead. The text is centered within the arrow's shaft.

Christmas Plays

This year, as every year, the Christmas plays were performed with festive spirit and watched with minds open to frequent criticism. The plays, portraying very original themes, varied from the innocent and primitive re-enactment of the nativity scene (??) to the space-age "transport"ation of various teachers. Various guest appearances were made by Cathy Lee Crosby, and, much to her delight, Richard Dawson. Napoleon and Frankenstein also responded courteously to our invitations. Upper Four revealed the secret ingredients needed in the making of a perfect Christmas play. The plays, much aided by outlandish costumes, were very successful and triggered sparks of merriment which lasted throughout the holidays for all, except Mr. Montgomery, who nervously awaited Christmas Eve.

*Brigid Roscoe
Katherine Bishop
Editors*









Winter Carnival

This year's Winter Carnival was a success among both Prep and Upper School students. The Student Council, organizers of the event, divided itself into four committees in order to properly structure and direct the day's various activities. Prep School activities included a "Fun-Fair" in the Gym, movies for the different classes, costume and drawing contests, a puppet show for the younger students, and an exciting dodgeball game for the older ones. In the Upper School, various contests and competitions were held, as well as the usual session of "bubble gum gambling" in mid-morning. The afternoon was spent watching a film in the A.V.R., which was well-received despite crowded conditions.

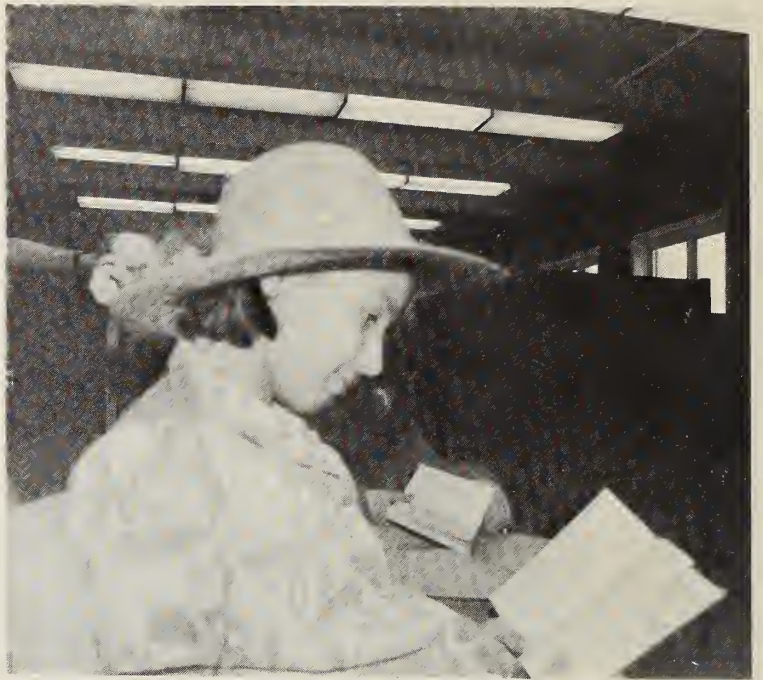
Both the Prep and Upper Schools were grateful to the class of Upper Five for the break from brown-bag lunches provided by its lunchtime hotdog sale.

Overall, the Winter Carnival went off quite well, thanks to keen volunteers and the Council's ability to "manage by crisis"! Special thanks are extended to Mrs. Degrasse for her advice, and to the staff for their patience throughout the Carnival Week.

Ben O'Halloran
Council President









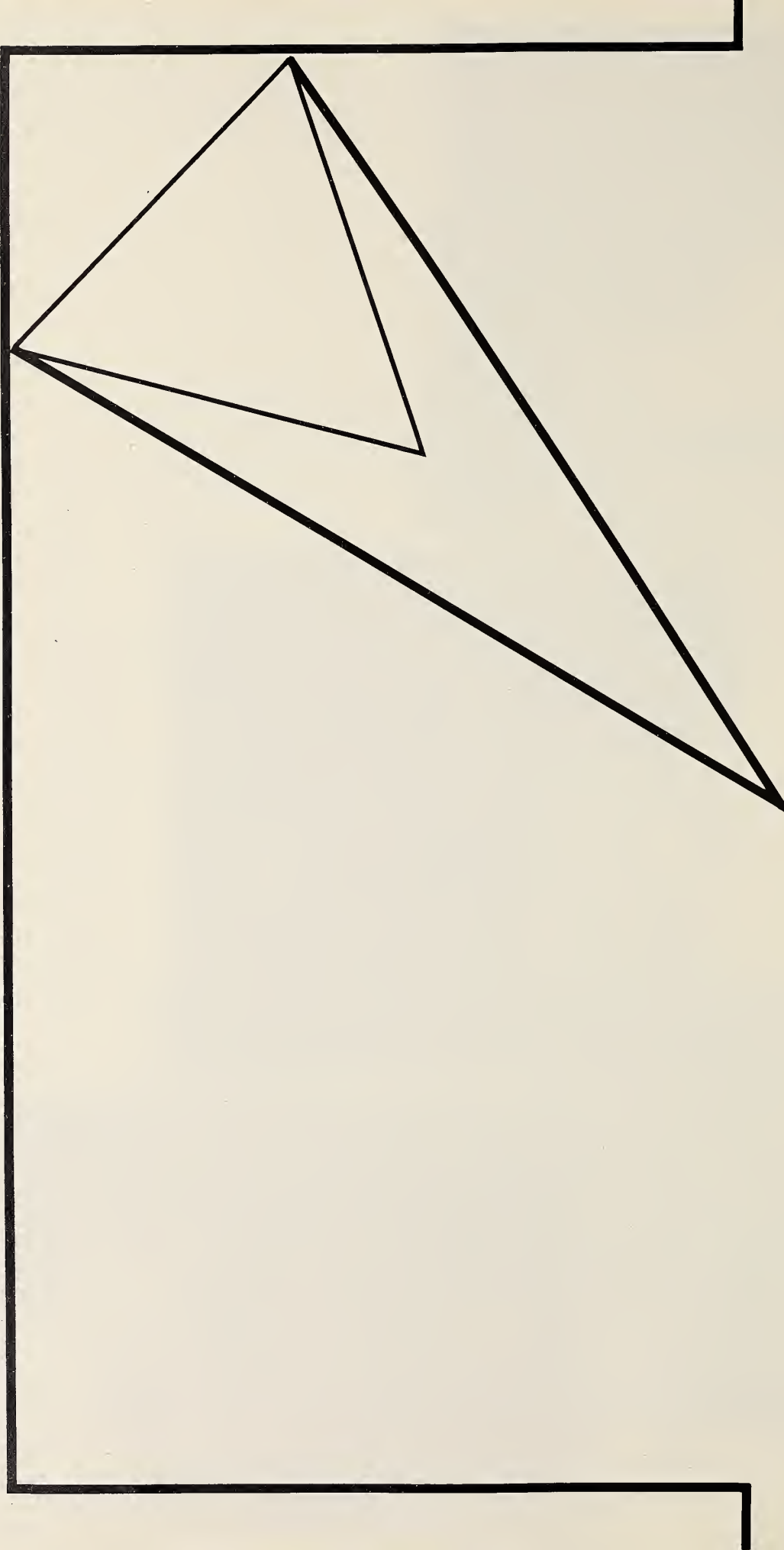
French Exchange

This year's Upper Five class is to participate in an exchange program with the Collège de l'Assomption in Quebec. During our stay in "la belle province" we hope to visit sights in l'Assomption and in Montreal. There will also be a day-long trip to Quebec City, skiing in the Laurentian Mountains, and classes at the Collège. The group looks forward to a night out to dinner in downtown Montreal, followed by a play or concert . . . and, of course, the parties! All of this very busy schedule will be conducted "en français". The tables are turned in April when our partners from the Collège come to visit Halifax and spend the week immersed in English. Our class plans to show them many aspects of the city, the historic downtown area, the C.F.B. Halifax facilities, the Citadel, and the surrounding area including trips to Peggy's Cove and MacNab's Island. There will be a morning spent in classes at H.G.S., and, of course, more parties! As in the past, this exchange will provide us with much confidence in using our second language, with a few anxious moments, and with many, many memories. But, perhaps the most lasting effect will be the friendships and the understanding which will grow from our time together.

Mme. P. Smith
Professeur de français







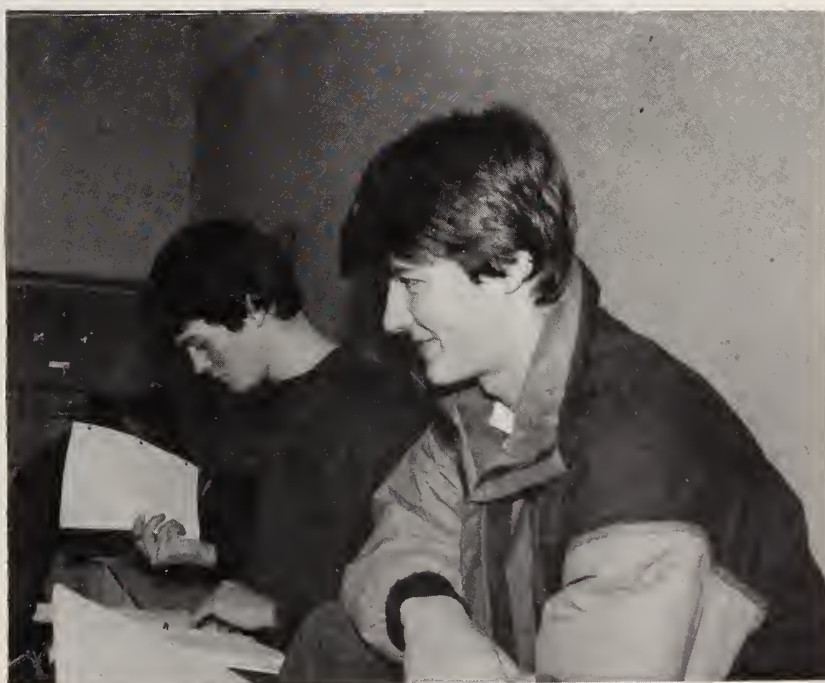
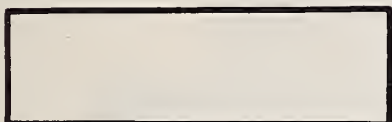
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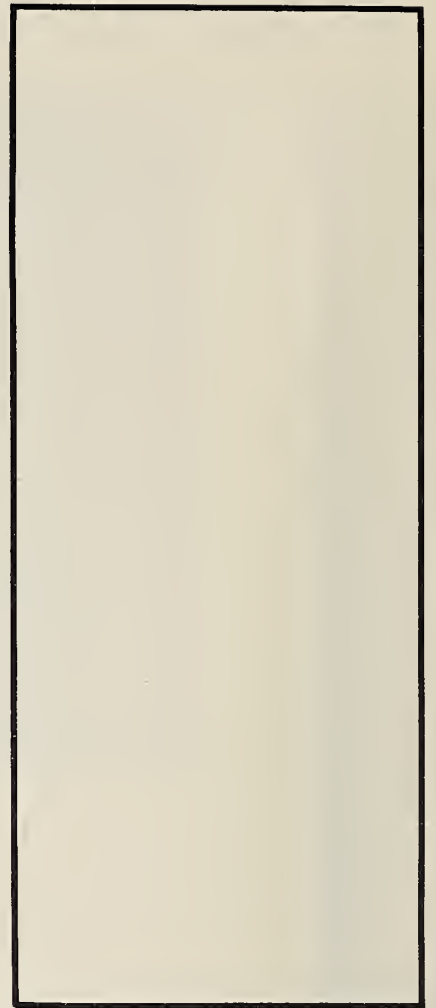


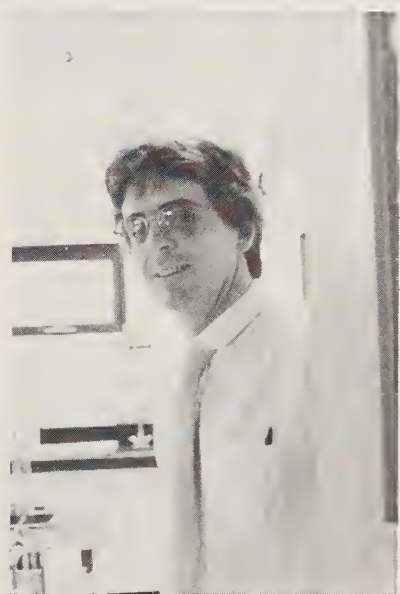




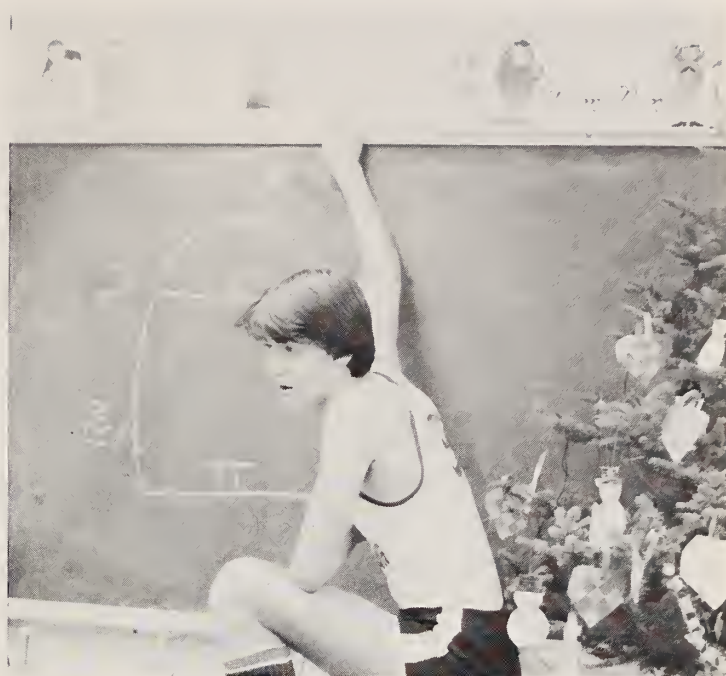
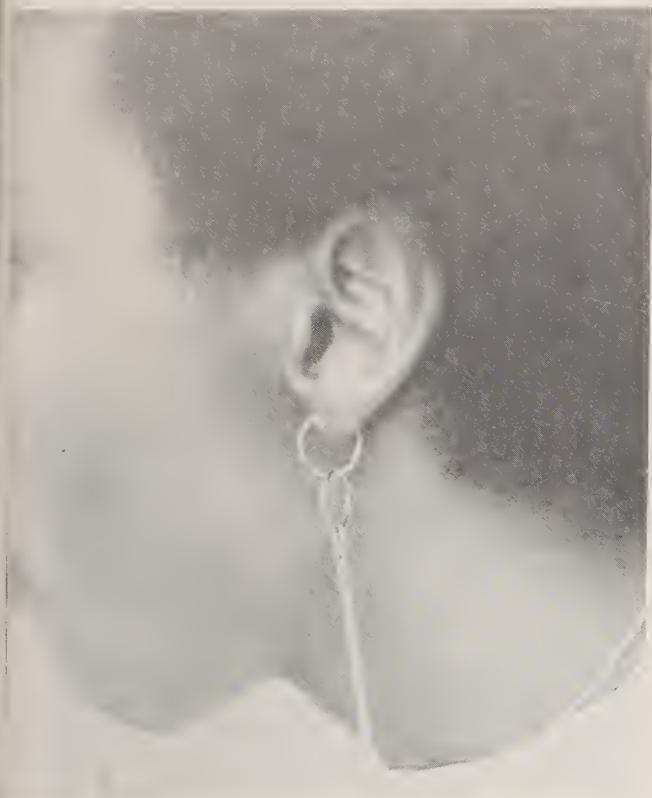


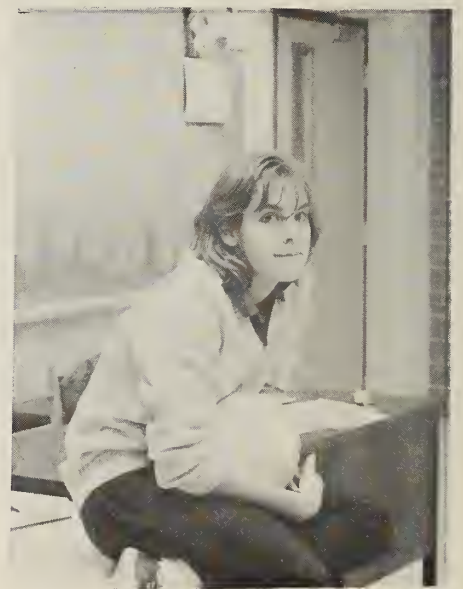










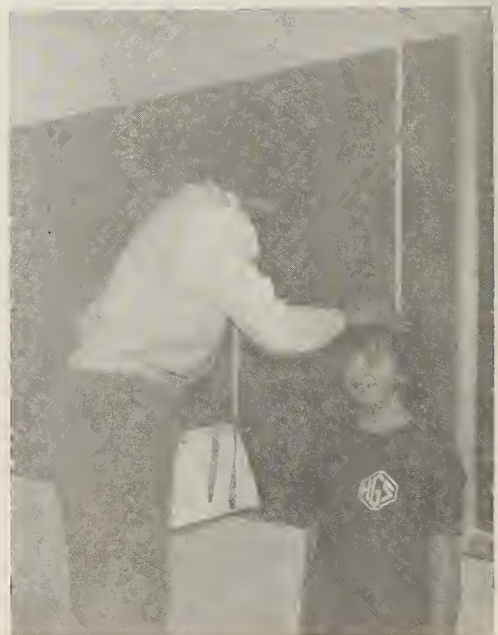
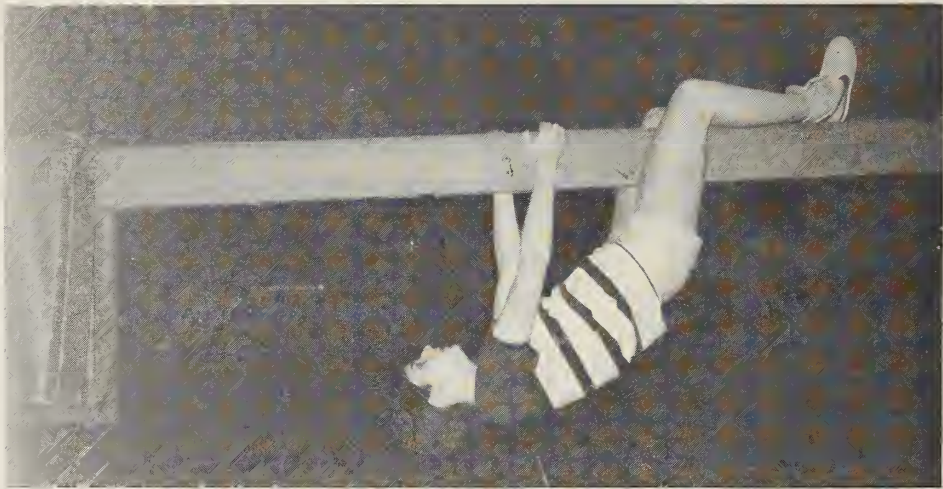




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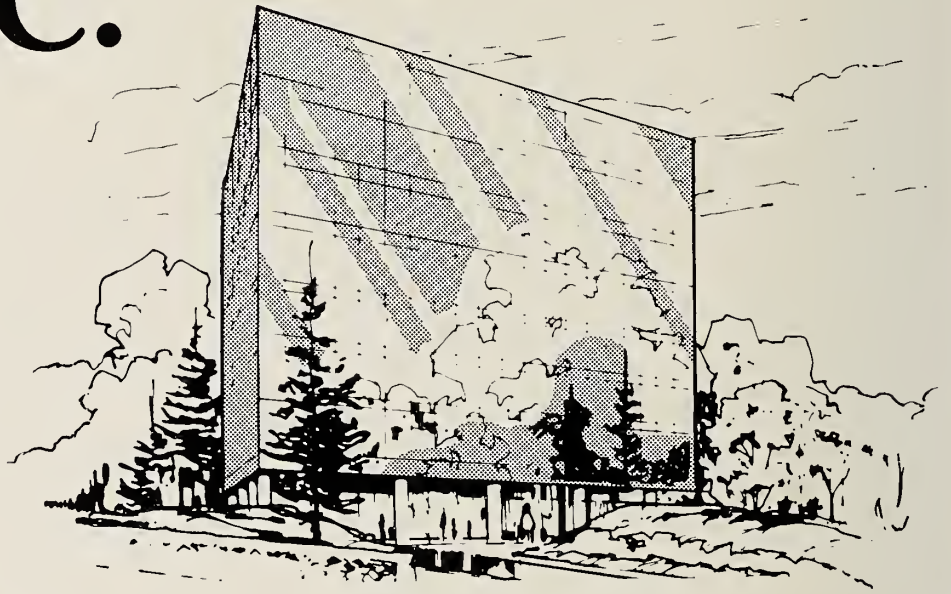
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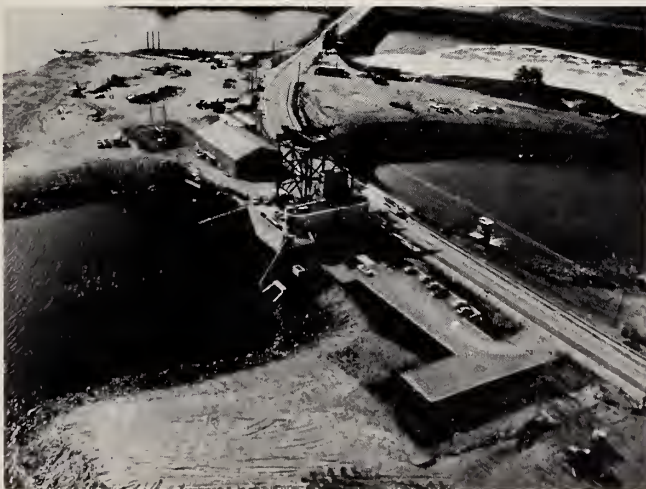
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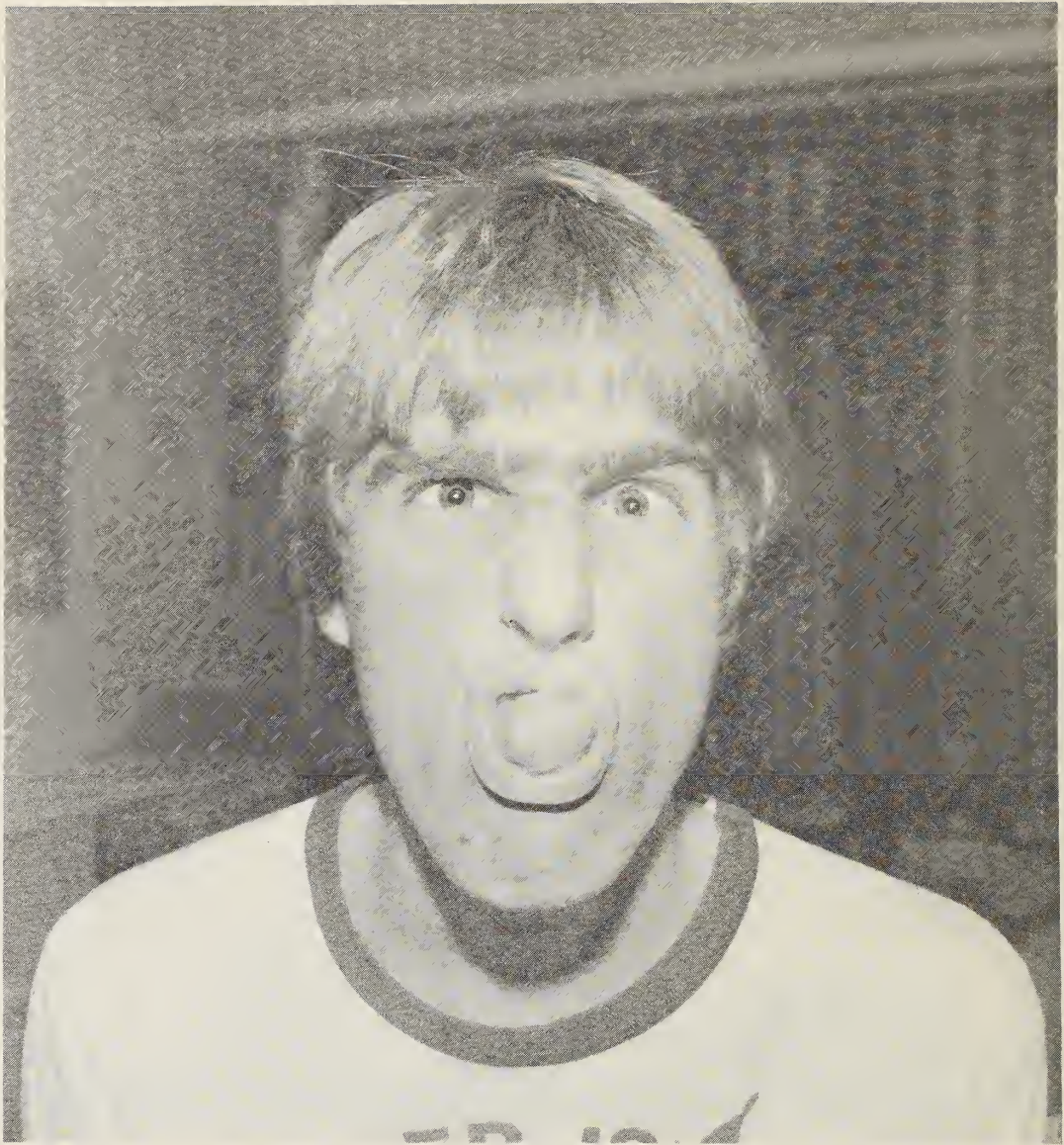
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